

MEMOIRS
OF
MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"Ridiculum acri
"Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."
HOR.

"Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
"And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."
FRANCIS.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,
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1800.

MEMOIRS

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS



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1801

TO

MR. ROBINSON,

BOOKSELLER, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

SIR,

HAVING been lately dragged to London on the business of my ward, who is now (thank heaven!) nearly of age, it was my first care to look out for a pleasant situation. For this purpose I repaired to Pater-noster-Row, that birth-place of the Muses, that fountain of learning from which the perennial stream of literature for ever flows. The very name of the place has, from my earliest years, inspired my veneration; and I do assure you, the thoughts of visiting it tended to reconcile

reconcile me to the journey more than any other consideration. Well, sir, though I must confess the first aspect of the place did not altogether answer my expectations, (being in point of airiness somewhat more confined than I could have wished) I was fain to put up with the only lodgings that were vacant, which, though not over and above convenient, were rendered pleasant to me from the view my chamber-windows afforded me of the numerous store-houses of learning, by which I was on all sides surrounded. My heart glowed within me as I contemplated the stupendous proofs of human genius, piled up in the opposite shops, or carried through the streets. For the space of several hours I continued, without interruption, to contemplate the interesting scene. Some porters passed sinking under the load of new-bound quartos, which they were carrying to your shop, Mr. Robinson; and it is not to be expressed how much I envied the feelings of
of

of the author. "Oh, that I could write a book!" cried I. "But, alas! of what subject am I master? All my old notions are, I find, by the Reviews, quite exploded. Of the new fangled ones that are now in fashion, I can make nothing; and notwithstanding all I have heard to the contrary, I do suppose it is necessary to understand something of the subject one writes about. With regard to a work of imagination, that is quite out of the question; for I never could invent a lie in my life, not even to save me from being whipt at school, how then should I make one long enough to fill a volume?"

Just at this moment, and as I was about giving up all hopes of ever seeing my name in print, an incident occurred which saved me from despair.

A sudden and tremendous noise over my head interrupted my reverie, and drew me to the place from whence it proceeded, in order to learn the cause. Fire and robbery,

bery, the two evils which I had been taught to dread, were immediately present to my imagination; and greatly was I relieved on finding that the noise, which had so much alarmed me, proceeded only from the mistress of the house and her maid, who were both at work in cleaning down the garret-stairs. The former, whose voice was raised to what a musical friend of mine calls the *scolding pitch*, was severely chiding the latter for the time she had taken to sweep out the garret. The maid, indignant of rebuke, answered not in words but in deeds; making the dust fly before her broom in such a manner, as compelled me to meditate a quick retreat. Just as I turned round for that purpose, a manuscript, which the girl in her fury had twirled from the top of the stairs, fell at my feet. I instantly picked it up, and as soon as I could make myself heard, enquired of my landlady whether she knew any thing of its contents.

“ Contents,

“Contents, sir,” answered she, “it is the farthest thing in the world from contents, I assure you. I never had no contents about it. It is some of the scribbles of a scrubby fellor of an author, who, after lodging in my atticks for seven weeks, died all at once one morning when no one ever thought of such a thing; for though it is plain he knew all along of his being in a dying way himself, yet he was so good-humoured, and so cheerful, that no one would ever have suspected him.”

“And pray had he no friend, no physician? I am afraid he must have been in great poverty.”

“In great poverty, sure enough!” returned my landlady, “that I knows to my cost; for the first five weeks he paid me regularly to a day, as often as the week was up; but for the two last weeks I never seed the colour of his money. Howsoever, as he was a very gentleman-like man, and so civil-spoken, I thought there was

no

no fears of his behaving ungenteelly at the last, and so I gave myself no concern, till one morning that he desired me to speak with him, when, on going up to his room, I saw him, lack-a-day, so pale, and so altered! his voice, too, so low and changed, that I could hardly hear him. On seeing how I was astonished he smiled, and beckoning me to sit down, said he was sorry that it was not then in his power to pay me the small sum he was in my debt, but that in such a drawer I should find what would be sufficient to pay for that, as well as for the expences of his funeral; and what was over he begged me to accept of as a compensation for the trouble he had given me. He died in about half an hour after, and, to be sure, I thought I should have been quite made up with what he had left me, when on rummaging the drawers, I found all that load of writing; but on shewing it to a very learned gentleman, a friend of mine, one who helps to
make

make the almanacks, he laughed at me, and said it was a fair take-in, for that it was all stuff and good for nothing; and so it has been tossing about ever since."

This account of the author increased my curiosity to such a pitch, that I did not hesitate a moment upon making a purchase of the manuscript; and having fully satisfied my landlady, who willingly resigned to me her whole right and title to it, I retired to my apartment to examine its contents.

The first fifty pages having been torn off to kindle the morning fires, made a mighty chasm in the work; but the remaining fragment appeared to me so worthy of being laid before the publick, that I quickly conceived the design of becoming its editor. Not having the presumption to depend entirely on my own judgment in an affair of such importance, I had recourse to the advice of my friends, and accordingly submitted my manuscript to the perusal

perusal of feveral criticks of both sexes, to whom, through the favour of a certain learned acquaintance, I had the good fortune to be introduced. Alas! Sir, I now found myself more at a loss than ever. The opinions I received were so various, so contradictory, so opposite to each other, that I was quite bewildered, and should have dropt all thoughts of proceeding in the publication, had not my resolution been re-animated by the following letter, which I received from a gentleman of great worth and knowledge, to whom I had freely communicated all the objections of the criticks, and by whose opinion I determined finally to abide.

“ SIR,

“ ON a careful perusal of the whole of your manuscript, (for I pretend not to decide on the merit of a work from glancing over a few scattered passages) it appears to
me

me not only praise-worthy in the design, which is evidently that of supporting the cause of religion and virtue, but unexceptionable in the means of executing this design; or at least less exceptionable than some other recent publications, which, like it, have avowedly been written in opposition to the opinions generally known by the name of the *New Philosophy*.

“To impute evil intention to the author of every speculative opinion that has an evil tendency, is equally illiberal and unjust; but to expose that tendency to the unsuspicious, and to point it out to the unwary, is an office of charity, not only innocent, but meritorious. From the use that is made by Vallaton of some of the opinions promulgated in Mr. Godwin’s *Political Justice*, it appears to me to have been the intention of your author not to pass an indiscriminate censure on that ingenious, and in many parts admirable, performance, but to expose the dangerous tendency

tendency of those parts of his theory which might, by a bad man, be converted into an engine of mischief, and be made the means of ensnaring innocence and virtue.

“Of the keen weapon of ridicule, it must be confessed, your author has not been sparing. Were there the least appearance of its having been pointed by personal prejudice towards any individual, I should certainly advise you to consign the work to everlasting oblivion; but it is opinions, not persons, at which the shafts of ridicule are in the present work directed.

“Where’er the pow’r of ridicule displays

“Her quaint-ey’d visage, some incongruous form,

“Some stubborn dissonance of things combin’d,

“Strikes on the quick observer.”

Akenfide’s Pleasures of the Imagination.

“As the objections, which you tell me have been made to this part of the work by your friends, cannot be more fully obviated than by the author I have just quoted, I shall beg leave to transcribe the whole passage.

“Ask

" Ask we, for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
 " In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
 " These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 " Educating pleasure? *Wherefore, but to aid*
 " *The tardy steps of Reason*, and at once,
 " By this prompt impulse, urge us to depress
 " The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
 " Of Truth, slow-dawning on th' enquiring mind,
 " At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 " How these uncouth disorders end at last
 " In publick evil! Yet benignant Heav'n,
 " Conscious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
 " To thousands; conscious what a scanty space
 " From labours and from care the wider lot
 " Of humble life affords for studious thought
 " To scan the maze of Nature; therefore stamp'd
 " The glaring scenes with characters of scorn
 " As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
 " As to the letter'd sage's curious eye."

" The ridiculous point of view in which
 some of the opinions conveyed to the
 young and unthinking through the me-
 dium of philosophical novels, is exhibited
 in the character of Bridgetina, appears to
 me as an excellent antidote to the poison;
 calculated to make an impression upon
 those

those to whom serious disquisitions would have been addressed in vain. Upon the whole, I do not hesitate to give it as my opinion, that in publishing this work, you will deserve the thanks of society.

“ I am, Sir, &c.”

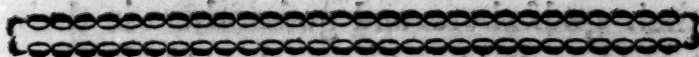
Thus encouraged, I am resolved to submit it to the world; and that it may come forth with every advantage, I entrust it to your care; at the same time submitting it to your judgment, whether this letter (on which I have bestowed uncommon pains) may not appear as an Introduction.

With much impatience for the first proof-sheet, I remain,

Esteemed Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

GEOFFRY JARVIS.



“**T**HE pudding is very good,” replied Mr. Mapple, “and does great honour to my cousin Biddy, who, I dare say, is the maker.”

‘I have often told you,’ cried the young lady in a resentful accent, ‘that my name is not Biddy. Will you never learn to call me Bridgetina?’

“Well, well, Biddy, or Biddytiny, or what you please,” rejoined the old gentleman; “though, in my opinion, the world went as well when people were contented with the names that were given them by

their godfathers and godmothers in their baptism. Bridget is a good christian name, and I pray the Lord make you as good a woman as your aunt Bridget, from whom you had it. 'She too was an excellent hand at making a plum-pudding.'

'A pudding!' repeated Bridgetina, reddening with anger, 'I do assure you, sir, you are very much mistaken, if you think that I employ my time in such a manner.'

"And pray, my little cousin, how do you contrive to employ it better?"

To this question Miss Bridgetina disdainingly reply, cast such a look of contempt upon her reverend relative, as but for the circumstance of the squint, which we have already noticed, must infallibly have discomfited him. But as her eyes, while in the act of darting indignant fire in his face, had every appearance of being directed towards the door, the poor gentleman escaped unhurt.

Mrs.

Mrs. Botherim now thought it time to astonish her old friend, by a discovery of the wonderful accomplishments of her daughter.

“You do not know, fir,” she exultingly exclaimed, “that Biddy is a great scholar! You will find, if you converse with her a little, that she is far too learned to trouble herself about doing any thing useful. Do, Bridgetina, my dear, talk to your cousin a little about the *cowfation*, and *perfability*, and all them there things as Mr. Glib and you are so often upon. You have no ideer what a scholar she is,” continued the fond mother, again addressing herself to Mr. Mapple, “she has read every book in the circulating library, and Mr. Glib declares she knows them better than he does himself.”

“Indeed, mamma, but I do no such thing,” cried Bridgetina, pettishly; “do you think I would take the trouble of going through all the dry stuff in Mr. Glib’s

collection—history and travels, sermons and matters of fact? I hope I have a better taste! You know very well I never read any thing but novels and metaphysics.”

“Novels and metaphysics!” repeated her kinsman, casting up his eyes, “*O tempora! O mores!*”

‘Moses, sir,’ rejoined the young lady, ‘if indeed such a man as Moses ever existed, was a very ignorant person. His energies were cramped by superstition, and the belief of a God, which is well known to be the grand obstacle to perfectibility.’

“My poor child!” said Mr. Mapple, in a tone of compassion mixed with astonishment, “where hast thou got all this?”

‘I told you so!’ cried the delighted mother, ‘I knew you had no ideer of her larning. She puts every one as visits us to a none-plush. The Doctor himself had as lief go a mile out of his road, as enter into an argument with her.’

“Truly,

“Truly, I make no doubt of it,” returned Mr. Mapple, drily, “I am quite of his way of thinking; and as you have probably some preparations to make for the company you expect this evening, shall take my leave. You know I ride but slowly, and I should like to reach ***** before it grows dark.”

‘Nay, do pray now, fir, have a little more talk with Biddy before you go; for as to preparing for the company, I does all these there sort of things with my own hands. For though Nancy is a tolerable good cook in a plain way, she has no notion of nick-nacks. I am sure, if any one knew what a trouble it is for me to give suppers! Indeed, Mr. Mapple, you have no ideer. There had I this morning to make the tarts, and the custards, aye, and the pudding too, which you ate at dinner, and praised so much. And now I have only to put on the best covers on the drawing-room chairs, and to unpaper the fire-screens,

screens, and to fix the candles on the sconces, and to prepare my daughter's things; so that I shall soon be ready; meanwhile you may chat with Biddy—it will do your heart good to hear her talk.”

Mr. Mapple seemed to be of a different opinion; and declining to enter into any controversy with an adversary whose prowess was so highly vaunted, he immediately took his leave.

CHAP. VI.

Distrustful Sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes.

But ranting Nonsense in full volleys breaks;

And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out resistless with a thund'ring tide.

AS the principal families in the parish continued the same attentions to the widow of their late rector, which they had paid her as his wife, it will be concluded, to a certainty, by those who know any thing of the world, that she was left in possession of affluence.

It was not, however, to the extent of her fortune, so much as to the exertion of her talents, that Mrs. Botherim stood indebted for the civilities of her richer neighbours.

Whatever

Whatever idea the reader may have formed of the negative strength of her intellects, she had sufficient sagacity to discover, that when she could no longer give dinner for dinner, and supper for supper, a compleat termination would, in the minds of many of her dear friends in the neighbourhood, be given to her existence. Effectually to keep herself alive in their remembrance, was a point which she might literally be said to *labour*. It required the incessant exertion of all the economy, and all the notability, of which she was mistress: nor would these alone have been sufficient, if they had not been assisted by the perfect knowledge of a science, which produced effects more delightful to many of her guests than all “Philosophy e’er taught.”

Though the science of cookery was the only one with which Mrs. Botherim was acquainted, it may be doubted whether it did not sometimes produce attractions as powerful as the metaphysical knowledge of her daughter.

Even

Even Mr. Myope himself has been suspected of this preference; and has been actually known to leave his free-will opponent in possession of the last word, from the necessity he felt himself under of devouring the good things set before him on Mrs. Botherim's table. Never shall I forget the eulogium I once heard him make on one of the good lady's currant tarts: a tart which, as he judiciously observed, could never have been so nicely sweetened, *if Alexander the Great had not set fire to the palace of Persepolis.**

To praise her cookery, or to praise her daughter, was at all times the most direct road to Mrs. Botherim's heart. When the tribute of flattery was on either of these subjects withheld, she quickly discerned the motive, and consoled herself by observing, "that it was better to be *envied* than pitied."

* See Godwin's Pol. Inf. vol. i. p. 161.

That she and her daughter were the objects of envy to many of her neighbours, she could not doubt. The rector's family, in particular, had given her many strong proofs of being possessed of this hateful passion: even the reverend gentleman himself had oftener than once dropt some hints about the needless expence of formal entertainments among friends and neighbours; and it was certain, that neither he, nor his sister, nor his daughters, appeared to enjoy half so much satisfaction at one of her feasts, as at the simple fare which was set before them when on a chance visit. The same *envious* disposition it was, which, in Mrs. Botherim's opinion, made them not only avoid the subject of metaphysics, on which her daughter could so far outshine them, but seem in pain when it was mentioned.

Of the visitors expected at the conclusion of the last chapter, the ladies of the family we have just mentioned, accompanied
by

by the daughter of the dissenting clergyman, were the first that arrived. They were seated in the drawing-room before either Mrs. or Miss Botherim were ready to make their appearance.

At length the mother came curtseying into the room, and while she stroked down the obstinate folds of her well-starched apron, made a thousand apologies for not being sooner prepared for their reception. She was followed by Bridgetina, whose stiff turban and gaudy ribbons put the homely plainness of her countenance in the most conspicuous point of view.

Neither her dress nor person were, however, in any danger of criticism from the party present. They perceived not the prodigious fund of merriment that might have been derived from her wearing a blue gown and yellow slippers; a circumstance, which would have afforded a week's giggling to many misses, was altogether lost upon them. Their stupid insensibility to the

the pleasure of personal ridicule, will, no doubt, impress many readers with an unfavourable idea of their understanding. To the misfortune of never having been at a boarding-school, may perhaps be attributed this seeming want of discernment to those deformities of person, and incongruities of dress, to which so many ladies, and so many beaux, confine their whole stock of observation.

The compliments of both mother and daughter were received by these ladies with that unaffected complacency, which they had been taught to feel for the virtues of the heart. They were not insensible to the foibles or the peculiarities of either; but if those of Mrs. Botherim sometimes excited a smile, it was a smile unaccompanied by malice, and void of the ill-natured wish of exposing the object that excited it to the ridicule of others. What were their feelings with regard to Bridgetina, may, perhaps, appear hereafter.

Personages

Personages of greater consequence now call for our attention. A loud knocking at the door announces the arrival of Sir Anthony Aldgate, his lady, and daughter.

Of her relationship to this great man Mrs. Botherim was not a little proud. She exulted in the honour of an annual visit from him, which he regularly paid on his way to Buxton every summer: and though the trouble and expence it cost him, to come so many miles out of the direct road, was always set forth in such terms, as might have disgusted a more fastidious mind; it acted upon Mrs. Botherim's exactly as it was intended, and only served to enhance the value of the visit. Mrs. Botherim was herself the daughter of a tradesman in the city, and had early acquired such a profound respect for wealth, that the sight of that sort of intoxication, produced by a full purse on a narrow heart and shallow understanding, was not so disgusting to her feelings, as it probably

bly was to those of some of her present guests.

The two Mr. Gubbles', father and son, with their respective ladies, next appeared, and were formally introduced to Sir Anthony and his lady. In Miss Aldgate, the younger Mrs. Gubbles soon discovered a school-mate, and although the daughter of the city knight appeared not very willing to recognize the wife of the apothecary as an acquaintance, the claims of the latter were brought forward in too forcible a manner to be resisted.

"Locka me!" cried the bride of young Gubbles, "Miss Jenny Aldgate, I declare! Who would have thought of seeing you here? And you are not married yet! Well! I declare it is so odd that I should get married before you! Is n't it?"

Miss Aldgate bit her lips, while she declared, 'how vastly glad she was to see her old companion, and to wish her joy.' Without listening to her compliment, Mrs.

Gubbles

Gubbles continued, "All the ladies at Mrs. Nab's school were so surprised when I went to see them, you have no ideer. Locka me! Do you remember our governess? How we quizz'd her! I never think of our stealing the nice chicken from the fire, which she was having roasted for her own supper, without being ready to die with laughing. I told it all to Mr. Gubbles, and it so diverted him! And then the going over the garden-wall to get prog at the pastry-cook's shop: was n't it excellent? And do you remember"—

Here followed a whisper, which called up something very like a blush in the cheeks of Miss Aldgate. Her friend proceeded—

"Oh, I assure you, upon my honour, I never told *that* to any one;" casting a significant glance at her husband. "I would not tell such a thing to any one for the world. But, locka me! I wager you won't guess what is become of Miss Bellfield

field, that was thought to be such a fortune: do guess, now, what is become of her: I lay that you don't?"

'Perhaps she is married,' said Miss Aldgate.

"She married, poor thing!" replied Mrs. Gubbles, "Locka me! she is only one of Mrs. Nab's teachers: is n't it very droll now, is n't it?"

'It is what I never should have thought of to be sure,' returned Miss Aldgate: 'though, as I heard pa say, her father was ruined. I suppose, poor thing, she was glad to do it for bread.'

"Aye, poor thing! you can't think how I feel for her! But," lowering her tone, "did you ever see such a fright as that Miss Botherim? I declare she is quite a *Guy*!"*

* Alluding, as we suppose, to a grotesque effigy of Guy Faux, which is usually carried through the streets of London, by the rabble, on the anniversary of the Gunpowder-plot.

'O dear,'

‘O dear,’ cried Miss Aldgate, giggling, ‘how can you be so droll? I protest you will make me die with laughing, you are so very comical.’ Here both ladies, holding up their fans before their faces, continued for some time tittering a duet, to the great edification of the Miss Orwells, who were placed beside them; but who, not having been at Mrs. Nab’s school, were not, in boarding-school phraseology, to be *taken into the baby-house*.

The entrance of their father, accompanied by his reverend friend Mr. Sydney, would, they hoped, give a more general turn to the conversation; but in this they were disappointed.

The disappointment of these young ladies arose, like most other disappointments, from the fallacy of their expectations. So ignorant were they of the world, as to imagine that those who were best qualified to speak, should, by the suffrage of the company, be called upon to speak the most.

They did not know, that while those whose knowledge enables them to instruct, or whose genius qualifies them to enlighten, every circle in which they are placed, are restrained by the modesty and diffidence which are the usual concomitants of real merit, from taking the lead in conversation, it is without ceremony assumed by the self-assured, the vain, and the ignorant.

The characters of Doctor Orwell and Mr. Sydney were in many respects so strikingly similar, that the outlines might justly be described in the same terms. Both were benevolent, pious, unaffected, and sincere. The minds of neither were narrowed by party zeal, nor heated by prejudice. To this liberal turn of thinking were they indebted for the blessing of mutual friendship: a friendship, which received no interruption from the difference of their opinions in some speculative points, as each, conscious of the integrity that governed his own breast, gave credit for an equal

equal degree of integrity to the others. Both delighted in literature and science; but in these, as in other pursuits, each took the walk most agreeable to his own peculiar taste, without contesting for its absolute superiority over that which was chosen by his friend. General literature, and the belles lettres, had greater attractions for Doctor Orwell, than the abstruser studies which engaged the attention of Mr. Sydney. The amusement of the one was gardening; of the other, botany: but the chief business of both was to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures.

No sooner had these reverend gentlemen taken their seats, than they were addressed by Sir Anthony upon the late fall of stocks, a subject in which he well knew himself to be the only person in company at all interested. The confessed ignorance of his audience inspired him with an unusual flow of eloquence. He considered the portentous event in every point of

view in which it could possibly be placed. He compared it with similar occurrences of former years, and recited, with great exactness, all the observations he had then made; observations which never failed to be verified by the event, so as to redound to the honour of his own sagacity.

Various were the effects produced by his discourse on the minds of his hearers.

When he spake of his mighty bargains of twenty thousand scrip, and thirty thousand consols, purchased in the course of one morning, his importance seemed to rise so high, in the estimation of the Messrs. Gubbles, that they exulted in the honour of being in company with so great a man.

“Bless me!” thought Mrs. Botherim, “with so many thousands of them there stocks, (if so be as how, that they are all like so many bank-notes) one might keep as good a table as my lord-mayor himself!”

“Ah!” thought the lovely Harriet Orwell, a sweet blush rising with the thought,

thought, and playing for a moment on her beauteous cheek, ‘ Ah! that such a fortune were in the possession of the noble-hearted Henry Sydney! To what exalted purposes would he employ such a fund of superfluous wealth! How many would he make happy! But would Harriet Orwell be then the object of his attention?’

The deep sigh that followed was drowned in the sharp tones of the elder Mrs. Gubbles, who, impatient of the knight’s long harangue upon a subject in which she could bear no share, had broken the painful restraint of silence; and in a hoarse whisper was giving to Lady Aldgate a minute and circumstantial detail of an intrigue, long suspected, but only that morning *brought to light*, betwixt the shopman and her favourite house-maid.

Long as was this history, and many as were the *says I’s*, and *says she’s*, which added to its length, when it was finished,

finished, Mrs. Gubbles found the knight just where she had left him.

“ I tell you, fir,” said he to Mr. Sydney, whose eye he at that moment caught, “ I tell you, fir, it is the very best stock in which you can possibly purchase, and I will undertake to prove it to you in a moment. Supposing, I say, supposing now you to have only ten thousand pounds.”

‘ Indeed, fir,’ said Mr. Sydney, ‘ I never was, nor ever expect to be, worth the tenth part of the sum in my life.’

“ Eh!” rejoined the knight, “ not worth a thousand pounds! Pray, what did you begin with?”

‘ I began the world,’ replied Mr. Sydney, ‘ with an education, which taught me than a man’s riches consisteth not in the abundance which he possesseth—that he only is truly affluent, whose treasures lie where moths cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; and that a man worth fifty thousand pounds, if wanting these, is poor indeed!’

“ Very

“Very true, very true, indeed,” rejoined Sir Anthony, “no man can be called rich, till he is worth a plum.”

‘There is one advantage,’ resumed Mr. Sydney, ‘attendant upon riches, which a good Providence has no doubt bestowed as a compensation for the degradation to which the glorious powers of intellect are forced to stoop in its acquirement, as well as for the cares, anxieties, and temptations, which inevitably accompany its possession; I need not name this advantage to you, sir,’ continued the reverend old gentleman, ‘but I think, if you had been witness to the scene which my friend Dr. Orwell and I have just come from, you would have declared you never had a more glorious opportunity of enjoying it.’

The eyes of Dr. Orwell glistened with pleasure, at the successful method taken by his friend to introduce a subject on which his thoughts incessantly dwelt, and which Mrs. Botherim’s frequent praises of the knight’s

knight's liberality made him anxious to bring forward.

"It was a scene of extreme misery, indeed!" cried he; "happy must be the person who could effectually relieve so worthy a family from at least one moiety of their present distress."

The knight took snuff, which occasioned a long fit of sneezing; at the conclusion of which, Dr. Orwell repeated the last sentence he had uttered, in a still more impressive manner, adding, "the struggle they have made has been noble, their resignation has been exemplary, and unbounded, I am sure, would be their gratitude."

"Gratitude, did you say, sir?" cried Miss Bridgetina, who had been all this while sitting screwed up for a metaphysical argument, "Give me leave to tell you, sir, there is nothing so immoral as gratitude. It is, as Mr. Myope says, a vice, or rather a mistake, peculiar to minds who have im-
bided

bibed certain prejudices, but which none who have energy to rise above them, are ever known to practice; it is, in short, the greatest obstacle to perfectibility. Whoever knew Mr. Myope grateful for any favour that he ever received?"

Just as Bridgetina had concluded this speech, which, though new to great part of the company, had been delivered in exactly the same words at least seventeen times before, a sort of general alarm was produced by the sudden entrance of Mr. Glib; but this is a subject well deserving a new chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

"Spectatum admissi rifum teneatis."

HOR. ARS POET.

MR. Glib, who, like a true philosopher, despised all ceremony, took not the least notice either of Mrs. Botherim or her guests, but skipping at once up to Bridgetina, "Good news!" cried he, "citizen Miss. Glorious news! We shall have rare talking now! There is Mr. Myope, and the Goddesses of Reason, and Mr. Vallaton, all come down upon the top of the heavy coach. There they are at my house taking a snack, all as hungry as so many cormorants. I was in such a hurry to tell you, that I left the shop to take care of itself, and off I ran. Just as
I was

I was at the door, up comes a wench for the patent styptic for Mr. Plane, the carpenter, who, she said, had met with a doleful accident—but would not go back. Bid him exert his energies, my dear, said I: that's it! energies do all! And off I came, as you see, without gartering my stockings. But never mind, come along. The Goddess of Reason longs to give you the fraternal embrace; faith, and a comely wench she is, that's certain. But let us be off, I have not a moment to spare, and I can't go without you."

'Mr. Myope! and the Goddess of Reason! and Mr. Vallaton! and all!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'you make me too happy! Lead me to the enlightened groupe,' continued she, rising from her chair, or rather getting off it, (for as she was rather taller sitting than standing, she could not well be said *to rise* when she assumed the latter posture) 'Lead me to the enlightened groupe; I would not lose a moment

moment of their converse for the world; the injury would be incalculable.'

Mrs. Botherim observing her daughter's motion, laid down the tea-pot to expostulate.

"You would not go now, sure, my dear?" cried she; "you cannot possibly think of leaving this here company, who are all of our own inwiting: and who, though they may not be quite so larned in that there philosophy, seeing that it is but a new sort of a thing, as a body may say; yet you know, my dear, it would be one of the most rudest things in the world to run away from them."

To this expostulation, which was made in a low voice, Bridgetina replied aloud—

"And do you think I am now *at liberty* to remain here? I wonder, mamma, how you can speak so ridiculously? Have I not told you again and again, that I am under *the necessity* of preferring the motive that is most preferable? The company, if they are

are not very ignorant indeed, must know that my going instantly to Mr. Glib's is a link in the glorious chain of causation, generated in eternity, and which binds me now to act exactly as I do.' So saying, she put her arm in Mr. Glib's, and hurried off as fast as the shortness of her legs would permit.

Her conductor, soon tired of the slow pace at which she appeared to him to walk, though she had actually hopp'd and run her very best to keep up with him, proposed leaving her at the first turning, while he ran up to Captain Delmond's for Miss Julia, whose presence he knew was expected with much impatience by some of the party at his house.

He could not have left the hapless maiden at a more unlucky moment. She had not advanced many steps, till her passage was opposed by a mighty torrent, vulgarly called a kennel, which was now swelled to an unusual size by the washing out of
the

the shambles, it being market-day. While she stood meditating on the brink of this by no means pellucid stream, a sudden gust of wind whirled off the high-raised turban, and with it, O luckless destiny! went the flowing honours of her head. The stiff ringlets so well pomatumed, and so nicely powdered, which Mrs. Botherim had with her own hands so carefully pinned on, together with the huge knots of many coloured ribbons; all, all were hurried down the black bosom of the remorseless stream!

“Smoke the lady’s wig!”* called out an unlucky boy to his companions, who instantly set up such a shout of laughter, that the discomfited Bridgetina, regardless

* At the time the above was written, the author had probably no idea that wigs were so soon to become a reigning fashion amongst his fair country-women. He, poor man, would most likely have deemed it a slander upon the taste and understanding of the ladies of England—to suppose it in the power of *fashion* to introduce a custom so odious and absurd!

of the danger she encountered, and forgetful of the irremediable ruin of her yellow slippers, dashed into the muddy torrent, which, in spite of many opposing obstacles, she made shift to waddle through. Arrived at Mr. Glib's, she slipped in through the shop and back-parlour to the kitchen; but there she found only the three children, busily employed in picking the bones that had been sent out upon the stranger's plates. She begged the eldest boy to go into the parlour for his mother: "No, but I wont though," returned the little half-naked urchin, "I would as soon go to church." She attempted to coax him, but in vain. At length her voice was heard by Mrs. Glib, who, coming into the kitchen, was soon informed of the dismal plight of Bridgetina, which she relieved as far as possible, by a necessary change of apparel; and having pinned up the petticoats to prevent their trailing on the ground, for Mrs. Glib was rather above the

the middle size, she conducted her into the parlour.

Miss Botherim was received by Mr. Myope, and Mr. Vallaton, in a manner sufficiently cordial: each of them taking a hand conducted her up to the Goddess of Reason, who wasolling in the easy chair, caressing that favourite monkey who acted such a conspicuous part at the Apotheosis of her Goddessship at Paris, as hath been already related in the third chapter of these memoirs. Placing her companion upon the table, she rose to embrace the pupil of her dear Myope; but on observing the grotesque figure that was presented to her, she hesitated.

Mr. Pug was not quite so scrupulous, he without ceremony sprang forward, and clasping his paws round the neck of Bridgetina, gave her the fraternal embrace in due form; and then putting out his chin, chattered in her face in such a manner, that poor Miss Botherim, who was not
accustomed

accustomed to this sort of jargon, uttered a scream of terror.

It was with some difficulty that the Goddess of Reason prevailed upon Mr. Pug to quit his hold. While she was coaxing him for that purpose, Mr. Myope, provoked at the obstinacy of the little animal, seized his paw on purpose to force him to relinquish his grasp, which Mr. Pug, being an avowed enemy to the system of coercion, resented upon the finger of the philosopher by his teeth.

“D—ye!” cried the serene inculcator of non-resistance, “you little devil! If I don’t break every bone in your body for this!”

“Ah! de poor little angel!” exclaimed the Goddess of Reason, hugging her little favourite close to her bosom, “Has he frightened oo, lovey, has he? but oo fant be hurt, ittle dear! oo fant.”

“You are insufferably provoking,” retorted Myope; “but don’t think that

the little devil shall escape a beating for this. He has bit my finger to the very bone!"

'Well,' returned the Goddess of Reason, 'and how could *pauvre cher* help dat? Had he no de motive?"

'The citizen Goddess is in the right,' said Bridgetina. 'As justly might you punish the knife for cutting your finger, as the monkey for biting it; since, according to your own sublime system, they are instruments equally passive.'*

"D— their passiveness," cried Myope in increased agony, while Mrs. Glib applied some Fryer's Balsam to the wound, "d— their passiveness: I tell you, I believe I shall lose my finger; I never felt such pain in my life."

"Exert your energies, my dear citizen," cried Mr. Glib, who had just entered, "exert your energies, my dear. That's

* See Godwin's Pol. Justice, vol. i. b. 3d.

it! energies do all! Cure your finger in a twinkling. Energies would make a man of the monkey himself in a fortnight."

The wound being now bound up, and the pain a little abated, Mr. Myope did exert his energies so far as to resume some degree of philosophical composure.

Not so Mr. Vallaton. Having twice changed his seat to different corners of the room, through the restlessness of impatience; he again, from the same impulse, drew near Mr. Glib, to re-question him concerning Julia; and was receiving from him, for the third time, a full and compleat recital of all that she had said to him, when the door opened, and Julia herself, the charming Julia, appeared.

Never did she look more lovely. The small straw hat which was carelessly tied under her chin with a bow of pink ribbons, had been so far driven back by the wind, as to display the auburn ringlets that in profusion played upon her lovely cheeks;

those cheeks, where the animated bloom of nature set all poetical comparison at defiance. Mr. Vallaton was the last person to whom she addressed herself; but the blush that overspread her countenance, plainly denoted that he was not the most indifferent to her heart. Mr. Vallaton likewise reddened; but who, so little skilled in physiognomy as not to have perceived, in the different shades of the colour that overspread each countenance, the difference of the sensation by which it was produced? Whilst the pleasure of beholding the object of an innocent affection heightened the glow in the cheek of modesty, and sweetly sparkled in the eye; the passions that flushed the countenance of the deep designer, were evidently of far grosser birth.

The fraternal embrace (that laudable institution, and most excellent contrivance for banishing all reserve betwixt the sexes) being over, Mr. Vallaton began to complain,

plain, in exaggerated terms, of the length of time she had kept him in suspense about her coming.

‘I could not get away sooner, indeed,’ cried Julia, eager to justify herself from the charge of unkindness. ‘You know,’ continued she, ‘the general bad state of my father’s health; but he has been indisposed even more than usual for this last fortnight: and when he is ill, nothing appears to soothe his pain so much as my reading to him; and knowing the pleasure it affords him, I cannot possibly be so undutiful as to deprive him of it.’

“Duty!” repeated Mr. Vallaton, “How can a mind so enlightened as Julia’s talk of duty, that bugbear of the ignorant? I would almost as soon hear you talk of gratitude.”

‘Indeed,’ answered Julia, ‘I cannot help thinking that there is some regard due to duty. You know how kind my father has ever been to me. My mother, too;
whose

whose very soul seems wrapt up in me, who knows no pleasure but in promoting mine. Is it possible that I do not owe them some duty? Gratitude you have convinced me is out of the question; but indeed I cannot help thinking that there is in this case something due to duty.'

"And is this," retorted Mr. Vallaton, in a chiding tone, "is this all the progress you have made in the new philosophy? Do you not know, that duty is an expres-

* The frequent plagiarisms of our author have been particularly objected to by some of my learned friends; who informed me, that by perusing the works of Mr. Godwin, and some of his disciples, I should be enabled to detect the stolen passages, which it would be but honest to restore to the right owner. Alas! they knew not what a heavy task they imposed on me. If I have failed in its execution, I humbly hope Mr. Godwin and his friends will accept of this apology; and while they recognize, in the speeches of Mr. Vallaton, the expressions they have themselves made use of, that they will have the goodness to forgive me, for not having always correctly pointed out the page from whence they have been taken.—EDITOR.

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sion merely implying the mode in which any being may be best employed for the general good? And how, I pray you, does your humouring these old people conduce to that great purpose? Ah, Julia! there are other methods in which you might employ your time far more beneficially."

"Truth," said Mr. Myope, who had been attentively listening to their conversation, "truth, fair citizen, obliges me to declare, that Mr. Vallaton is in the right. We are not, you must remember, connected merely with one or two percipient beings, but with a society, a nation, and in some respects with the whole family of mankind. To esteem any individual above his deserts, because he is in some manner related to us, or has been in any wise serviceable in promoting our happiness, is the most flagrant injustice. What magic is there in the word *my*, to overturn the decision of everlasting truth? Did the obligations, as you call them, conferred upon
you

you by your parents, originate in the conviction of your being a being of more worth and importance than any other young female of their acquaintance? If they did not, they were founded in injustice, and therefore immoral; and whatever is so, your judgment should condemn."

"Yes," resumed Vallaton, "and as to your regard for them, philosophy should teach you to consider only—how can these old people benefit society? What can they do for the general good? And then placing beside them some of those whose extensive faculties, whose great powers enable them to perform the glorious task of enlightening the world; say, whether justice, pure unadulterated justice, will not point out where the preference ought to fall?"

"Well!" rejoined Julia, "I declare I never thought of it in this light before. Every new proof of affection which I received from my father and mother, has
always

always so endeared them to my heart, that I have thought, if I could lay down my life for them, it would be too little for all their goodness to me.'

"How unworthy of the enlightened mind of Julia is such a sentiment!" exclaimed Vallaton. "But I hope you will soon get the better of these remains of prejudice, and in ardent desire for the general good, lose this confined *individuality* of affection."

'Indeed I shall never lose my affection for my parents,' returned Julia; 'I should hate myself if I did.'

Mr. Vallaton, afraid of pushing the matter too far, changed the discourse; but in every subject that was introduced, artfully contrived to bring in such allusions to the purpose of his argument, as he thought best calculated to work on the ardent imagination of his fair and unsuspecting pupil.

CHAP. VIII.

" But some there are who deem themselves most free,

" When they, within this gross and visible sphere,

" Chain down the winged thought; scoffing ascent,

" Proud in their meanness; and themselves they cheat

" With noisy emptiness of learned phrase."

SOUTHEY.

IN the sketch we presented to our readers, of the principal incidents which marked the life of Mr. Myope, we entered into a sort of promise to furnish a similar degree of information concerning his friend and associate, Mr. Vallaton.

As we hold every engagement of this nature sacred, and as it is probable that a more convenient opportunity than the present may not occur for discharging our obligation, we shall, without further loss of

of time, proceed to gratify the curiosity which we make no doubt we have excited.

Who were the parents of this illustrious hero, it is probable the most accurate research could not have ascertained; not that we shall take upon us to affirm that such research was ever made; it is more probable, that the discovery was left to that chance which is so obliging to the founding hero of every novel. Similar as were the circumstances of Mr. Vallaton's birth, in point of obscurity, to that of the great men, whose lives and adventures have employed the pens of so many eminent writers, philosophers and sempstresses, authors by profession, ladies of quality, and milliners at their leisure hours; it was attended by some peculiarities, a relation of which will sufficiently exculpate us from the charge of plagiarism.

A woman who lodged in one of the subterraneous abodes, vulgarly denominated cellars, in a little alley of St. Giles's, was called

called his mammy; and to her, upon pain of whipping, he delivered all the halfpence which his infant importunity had extorted from the passengers in the street; but this woman, even at the foot of the gallows, denied being the mother of *the funny vagabond*, as her little charge was commonly called. To her instructions, however, was he indebted for the first rudiments of his education; and it is but justice to his early genius to observe, that there never was an apter scholar.

At six years old he could, with wonderful adroitness, adapt his tale so as best to work upon the feelings of his auditors. Sometimes, in a pitiful and whining tone, he would beg 'for God's sake, a single halfpenny to buy a bit of bread for six of them, who had not broke their fast to-day.'

One passenger he would follow with clamorous importunity for the length of a street. Another, from whose aspect he expected better things, he would attack with
a tale

a tale of sorrow; his father had then a broken leg, and his mother was just that morning brought to-bed of twins; a story which he told so well, and with such apparent simplicity, that it more than once produced a sixpence. In this way were the talents of our hero employed till his ninth year, when the fatal exit of his mammy left him at his own disposal.

During the last weeks of the life of his benefactress, he so improved by the conversation of her fellow prisoners, that there were few of the choicest secrets in the science of pilfering, of which he did not acquire some idea; of all the more common modes of exercising the profession he became perfect master. Being thus initiated in the theory, we make no doubt that he would soon have become an adept in the practice, had not the last moments of his mammy produced a certain feeling of terror, which so forcibly operated upon his mind, as to deter him from accepting the
overtures

overtures of a gang of thieves, who had conceived a just opinion of his talents.

That most great men have had their weakneses, is an observation, which, however trite it may appear, is nevertheless founded in truth. Let not, then, our hero be derided for *his*; since it must be acknowledged, that many have trembled at phantoms less formidable than the gallows.

Whether the native strength of his mind might not have at length enabled him to conquer the dread of an evil from which he daily saw so many adventurers escape, and which he knew to be most despised by those on whom it was most likely to fall, we cannot take it upon us to determine. Before the power of existing circumstances had directed his energies into this channel, an incident occurred, which probably changed the colour of his future destiny.

While employed in sweeping the crossing, opposite the door of a charitable lady, in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square,

square, he observed a squirrel make its escape from the house; and seeing two or three servants immediately run after it, judged that something might be got by recovering the fugitive. He accordingly engaged in the chase, and being either the most active, or the most zealous, of those who were employed in the pursuit, easily outstripped them all, and had the honour of securing the little runaway, who revenged the loss of liberty by biting the hand of its enslaver. Notwithstanding the pain occasioned by the wound, the little fellow bravely kept hold of his adversary, and returned with him in triumph to his mistress.

The good lady, delighted at the restoration of her favourite, demanded the name of his preserver. ‘The boys calls me *the funny vagabond*,’ replied he, ‘and I never answers to no other name.’

“And where do your father and mother live?” enquired the lady.

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‘Ise have got no fathers nor mothers,’ returned he, beginning to whimper.

“Poor thing!” said the lady, “and were you never at school?” The negative to this question, and the apparent wretchedness of the little object, so wrought upon the compassionate heart of this good woman, that she immediately conceived the intention of taking him under her protection. He was accordingly cloathed, and put to school by the name of *Alphonse Vallaton*; for so the good lady, who was a great reader of novels, chose to construe the appellation of *funny vagabond*, which, though probably but a nick-name, was all that he had any remembrance of possessing.

If our hero’s progress in literature did not keep pace with his adroitness in other pursuits, yet even here he found apparent smartness an imposing substitute for more solid understanding. So plausibly could he retail scraps of the lessons of others,
that

that with all, but the master, he passed for a promising scholar; and the master had something else to do than to attend to the real progress of a boy who was indebted to the support of charity. When, at the desire of her lady, the housekeeper would sometimes condescend to listen to the young Alphonso, while he read to her a lesson in his school-book, she acknowledged herself astonished at the manner in which he acquitted himself. He did not then (as a boy of inferior genius in the same circumstances certainly would have done) proceed to spelling and putting together, but went boldly on without stop or hesitation, so artfully managing the tones of his voice, as to remove all suspicion of deceit. When memory failed, invention was always at hand to supply the deficiency.

Indeed the wonderful dexterity with which he brought these powers of the mind to contribute to each other's assistance, was, through life, one of the most

conspicuous as well as most useful of our hero's accomplishments.

At twelve years old being, by the report of the housekeeper, which was corroborated by the testimony of his schoolmaster, qualified to read, write, and cast accounts, he was taken from school, and promoted to the employment of footman's assistant. Here every talent that he had received from nature, every habit that he had acquired among the companions of his early life, were placed in a soil suited to their expansion and improvement. Here that inventive faculty, which not only furnished him with a ready excuse for every fault he himself committed, but which was ever at the service of his friends, found daily opportunities of exercise. Nor was it in words alone that his superior genius was displayed. Each of his fellow-servants received, in their separate departments, convincing proofs of his abilities. To John, his immediate superintendant, he

quickly

quickly endeared himself, by the dexterity with which he assisted him to carry off a greater quantity of wine from the cellar and the sideboard, than he had ever before ventured to appropriate to his own use. By the cook, his knowledge in the art of making up accounts was put in a continual state of requisition. So acutely did he perceive where the additional charge could best be made, that while her bills had the appearance of being less extravagant, they were actually more productive to her than ever. The coachman likewise experienced the benefit of his good offices, in a more advantageous disposal of the oats bought for his horses; one half of which he now contrived to sell for little less than half of what they had cost his mistress. In short, during the two years of our hero's abode in this family, the system of speculation was so compleatly organized, that it is thought to have given the first hint to Mr. Myope of his notion of perfectibility.

Here we think it is necessary to stop, and to enter a caveat against any invidious application of our account of the above transactions. For which purpose we do most solemnly declare and aver, that we did not mean to insinuate the most distant allusions to the practices of any man, or bodies of men, in any public office or department of the state, in this or any other country; and particularly beg we may not be understood as intending any thing in the least disrespectful to those gentlemen who are called "*servants of the public,*" either in this or the sister kingdom. With which asseveration of the purity of our intentions, we shall conclude the chapter.

continued to tell for him less than half
 of what they had told his mistress. In
 short, during the two years of our hero's
 abode in this family, the system of pecu-
 nia was so completely organized, that it
 is thought to have given the first hint to
 Mr. Blythe of his notion of pettifoggery.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

"Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream,

"But then so terrible it shakes my soul:

"Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;

"My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror."

SHAKESPEARE

THAT "fortune favours the brave," is a remark almost proverbial; but, alas! the truth of the observation is not always justified by experience. The most shining abilities are not at all times crowned with equal success: and in the warfare of life, there are some contingencies placed beyond the reach of human foresight to prevent, of human vigilance to elude.

While our hero was flourishing the pride and darling of the kitchen, an event was ripening in the womb of fate, which threatened

threatened to deprive him of all the comforts he there so liberally enjoyed.

The suspicions of his mistress, with regard to the depredations on her wine cellar, were at length aroused. They were communicated to a friend, and this friend, who possessed talents for circumventing fraud, and detecting villainy, far beyond what the good lady herself could boast, laid such a train as, at the moment least suspected, produced a full and complete discovery. As the false keys were found in the possession of our hero, his fellow-servants thought to screen themselves by throwing all the blame on him, and with one voice voted his impeachment. The young gentleman did not hesitate to re-criminate, and brought such convincing proofs of the knavery of his accusers, as the friend of the lady wisely observed, left her no choice but to *dismiss them all*.

In the benignity of his patroness, however, our hero still found a powerful advocate ;

cate; which, in spite of the remonstrances of her friend, prevented her from throwing destitute upon the world, a creature she had once taken under her protection. Instead, therefore, of dismissing him with those to whose bad example she attributed all his share of guilt, she resolved to expose him no more to similar temptations. She desired him to choose a trade for his future support, and, in consequence of his preference, had him bound to a hair-dresser; taking upon herself to pay the customary premium, and to provide him with clothes during the period of his apprenticeship.

In the dexterous management of the comb, and the curling irons, our hero soon excelled; nor in the more subtle and recondite arts of his new profession did he less ably distinguish himself. In the latter part of the above account, we are, doubtless, anticipated by the judgment of the reader, which will at once conclude, that a proficient in lying, would soon be an adept

adept in flattery. With such accomplishments he could not possibly fail of becoming a favourite with the ladies. In fact, his services were in such request, that long before the expiration of his apprenticeship, the house of his master attained celebrity with the fair sex, from the name of Vallaton.

During this period, the amours of our hero would, of themselves, be sufficient to fill a volume; and much do we wish it were in our power to gratify the laudable curiosity of our reader with a circumstantial and minute detail of this part of his history. Convinced as we are, from authority the most respectable, that it is from works like these the modern philosopher seeks the materials with which he builds his system of the human mind, we feel distressed at withholding from him information so desirable as that which we certainly have it in our power to bestow. But, alas! in spite of all our efforts, we
find

find ourselves still so much the slaves of a certain weakness, called *delicacy*, as to be withheld from the description.

However derogatory the above confession may be to our fame, we are happy to learn, that the world is not likely to lose any thing by our infirmity. A full and compleat account of the life and achievements of our hero being now preparing for the press by one of our *female philosophers*, who will, no doubt, amply fill up every chasm, which the weakness above alluded to has forced us to make. To return to our narrative.

It was not in the favour of the ladies alone, that the young Vallaton found means to ingratiate himself; nor was it to them that his attentions were exclusively confined. In a certain three-penny spouting club, his oratorical talents had already been so conspicuously displayed, as to obtain the unbounded applause of all the apprentices, journeymen, and shop-sweepers,

ers, who were there assembled. They did more; they attracted the notice of a gentleman who was particularly desirous of being considered *the patron of genius*: and from him our hero received such information, with regard to some speculative points, as in some degree obviated the inconvenience to which he was exposed by his own consummate ignorance.

He soon had his ambition gratified by a little circle of applauders, who received, without comment or contradiction, whatever opinions he chose to advance. In short, he soon became the oracle of his district, and who has not observed with what despotic sway these oracles preside in the circle that acknowledges their supremacy? The subjects, over whom Valaton began his reign, were distinguished by one uniform sentiment of enmity towards religion and religionists of all denominations. His towering genius quickly discerned, that by advancing one step beyond

yond what any of his contemporary oracles had ventured to soar, he should infallibly procure for himself the most enviable distinction. He, therefore, boldly professed himself an ATHEIST.

To account for this wonderful display of mental energy, let it be remembered, that our hero enjoyed advantages from his early education, equal to any that the most enlightened philosopher has ventured to prescribe.

He reached his ninth year without having even heard of a GOD, but through the medium of blasphemy; and the words "God have mercy on your soul," pronounced by the judge in giving sentence on his mammy, was the first expression that conveyed to his mind any sort of idea of a future state. It is true that, by the directions of his patroness, he had been taught to repeat the creed, the catechism, and the Lord's-prayer; but in the repetition, not a single idea obtruded itself upon his

his mind, that could tend to injure it by any religious prejudice or impression whatever. The value of these manifest advantages we leave it to our philosophical readers to calculate; it is our business to point out the effects.

The breast of our hero now glowed with an ambition, which not all the praises bestowed upon his pretty taste as a *friseur*, had power to gratify.

The applause he had met with as an orator, enflamed his desire to figure as an author. To the uninitiated in the art of book-making, such a design, in a person of our hero's slender stock of information, may, perhaps, appear temerarious and absurd. To those who are better acquainted with such matters, a sufficient number of precedents will occur to exculpate Mr. Vallaton from the charge of singularity.

As it fell to the lot of the writer of these memoirs to correct the orthography and grammar of the volume of metaphysical

cal essays, which was the first production of his pen, he may, perhaps, be supposed to arrogate to himself some of the merit of its success; and will, therefore, pass it over in silence.

Whatever reception this production met with from the world, it appears to have effected a compleat revolution in its author's views. For the pen, the comb, and the curling-irons, were from thenceforth forsaken; and the task of adorning the heads of his fair country-women gave place to the more dignified employment of enlightening their understandings. In which of the occupations, whether as an author or a friseur, our hero was most conducive to the real benefit of society, it may perhaps be difficult to determine.

To enlarge the sphere of his utility, Mr. Vallaton thought it necessary to have recourse to politics, and took upon himself (for we never heard that it was conferred upon him by the public) the appellation of *Vallaton, the patriot*.

Should

Should the reader be inclined to suppose, that the patriotism of Vallaton bore any resemblance to that which has appeared in some distinguished characters of our own and former days, he will labour under an egregious mistake.

To that generous and disinterested love of liberty, which glowed in the breasts of a Ruffel and a Sydney; to that zeal for the glory, and jealousy for the honour, of his country, which animated a Chatham; or to the effect of all these principles, as they appear combined, invigorated, and improved in the capacious minds of some distinguished characters of our own day, our hero was a perfect stranger. The only shape in which patriotism ever appeared to the mind of Vallaton, was in that of a ladder, by the assistance of which, he might be enabled to climb a few steps higher on the hill of fame. But, alas! his courage by no means kept pace with his ambition. At the very second step in

his career he stumbled. A threatened prosecution for sedition struck such terror to his heart, that he resolved to quit the kingdom, and hastened to communicate his intentions to the only friend, on whom, in such a juncture, he could depend for support or assistance.

This gentleman, whom we have already mentioned as the patron of his rising genius, and from whom he had already received many pecuniary obligations, cordially entered into his views; and told him that he would most cheerfully bear his expences to Paris, provided he took charge of a sum of money, which he greatly wished to convey to a brother then residing in that city. To this proposal Vallaton gave a cheerful consent, and having so artfully concealed the seven hundred guineas committed to his care, as to avoid detection, set out upon his journey. The route he was obliged to take, though circuitous, was safe; so that without material

terial accident or interruption, he, in less than a fortnight, reached the French capital.

The first public ceremony to which he was a witness, was the Apotheosis of the Goddess of Reason; where, as has been already related in the second chapter of these memoirs, he met with Mr. Myope. The circumstances of their meeting, together with all the events of that memorable day, have there been given at such full length, that we shall not weary the reader by a repetition; suffice to say, that the friendly behaviour of Mr. Myope, upon that occasion, seemed to excite in the breast of Vallaton feelings of the most lively gratitude. He was profuse in his acknowledgments, and having formerly known Myope in the character of an itinerant preacher, he took care to season his speeches with such pious phrases, concerning his wonderful deliverance, as he thought would be pleasing to the ears of his benefactor.

Mr.

Mr. Myope quickly convinced him of his mistake. He informed him of his having become a convert to the new philosophy; and by the enthusiastic warmth of his eulogium, convinced him, that if he wished to ingratiate himself in his affection, he could not take a more effectual method than by espousing the doctrines he had embraced.

Had Mr. Myope continued a religionist, it is difficult to say whether the complaisance of Vallaton would have been able to carry him so far as to profess himself a proselyte to his opinions. For though the speculative points that had successively excited the zealous support of that doctrinal Proteus, had little or no connection with that religion which "purifies the heart;" they were all attended with the inconveniency of being attached to certain notions of a Supreme Being, and a future state, which it was by no means agreeable to our hero to take into his account.

The new opinions embraced by Mr. Myope, were happily free from this encumbrance. They were, moreover, possessed of an advantage which, to a person of Mr. Vallaton's education, gave them a manifest superiority over such doctrines as require the trouble of study, or stand in need of the support of knowledge.

Vallaton quickly perceived how much it would be for his advantage, to become the strenuous advocate of a system which nature had so eminently qualified him to support: a system, which, soaring to a higher region than experience has ever reached, might be despised by the wise, but could never be refuted by the learned. Nor were these the only advantages attendant upon the new theory. While a shallow plausibility rendered it admirably calculated for gaining proselytes among the young, the unthinking, and the uninformed, the boldness of its assertions was not likely to incur the censure of the legislative

gillative authority; since, however they might tend to warp the heart and mislead the understanding, they neither excited to tumult, nor recommended immediate reform.

After a due consideration of all these weighty arguments, Mr. Vallaton acknowledged himself not only to be convinced, but enraptured, by the enlightened reasonings of his new friend; and from thenceforth never opened his lips, but in the language of the new philosophy.

Our hero had been several days in Paris, before the object of his mission once occurred to his recollection. At length the money which he had received from his friend for travelling expences being exhausted, the bag of gold, which was concealed in his portmanteau, presented itself to his thoughts. Why should he not supply himself from thence? How should he know whether the proprietor was dead or alive? Perhaps the guillotine had ere

now put an end to his existence. Were that, indeed, happily the case, who could call him to account? Not the original proprietor, who had violated the laws of his country by sending it thence. Must not the money, in that event, be certainly his own? This thought seemed to inspire our hero's breast with a new degree of animation. He looked at the gold: its value appeared enhanced, and his desire of possessing it to increase at every glance. It was not without difficulty that he tore himself from the contemplation of this tempting object; but at length having taken out twenty guineas for his immediate use, he restored the rest to their place of concealment; resolving, that if their owner did not seek them, they should never seek their owner.

The more he considered the subject, the more fully was he convinced of the expediency of his silence. He was quickly persuaded, that any enquiry concerning the

the brother of his friend might, at this time, be attended with real danger to himself. "This person was known to be an Englishman. He, through the good offices of one of the servants of the American Ambassador, who had been his fellow-apprentice, passed for an American. To have any connection with a native of England, would inevitably involve him in suspicions." Such were the reasonings of our hero; and considering that this was the very height of the reign of terror, they may, perhaps, be thought sufficiently cogent. It is, however, a little remarkable, that the same reasonings never occurred to prevent him from forming an acquaintance with any other person of his own country, except this unfortunate gentleman. Of this gentleman, however, he was at length obliged unwillingly to hear. One day, when he happened to call upon his friend at the ambassador's, he received the unwelcome intelligence, that a person
had

had just been there to enquire for him, who was very urgent to receive his address: that his friend had at first scrupled to comply with the request of the stranger, but remarking the mildness of his deportment, and the genteel air which not even a dress that bespoke the extreme of indigence could conceal, he had at length yielded his belief to the story which he told of his being brother to Mr. —, and of his expecting, from that gentleman, the remittance of a considerable sum through the hands of Mr. Vallaton. Our hero used his best endeavours to conceal from his friend the chagrin which this information occasioned, and quickly took his leave.

As he was on his return, ruminating on the method he might best employ to elude the restoration of the precious deposit, a croud advanced towards him, in the midst of which he presently discovered the fatal cart, which had, alas! become too familiar to the eyes of the inhabitants of Paris,
and

and which was now loaded with victims for the guillotine: he stood aside to observe them as they passed. Various were the expressions which might be read in the different countenances of these unhappy persons. On some was depicted the meekness of resignation; on others, the fullness of despair.

A youth of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, whose air of manly fortitude expressed maturity of virtue, appeared to exert his utmost efforts to comfort and support an aged mother, whose enfeebled mind was lost in the horrors that surrounded her. A young woman, who was placed in the most conspicuous part of the machine, still more forcibly attracted the notice of the spectators. A gleam of satisfaction illumined each fine feature of her beautiful countenance; and as she turned her lovely eyes to heaven, they appeared animated with the sweet enthusiasm of hope and joy.

This

This young lady was the last remains of an honourable and happy family; she had, in the beginning of the reign of terror, seen her father, mother, and brother, perish on the scaffold; and last of all, a lover, to whom from childhood her heart had been united, was doomed to the same fate. After the death of this beloved youth, she seldom spake, but to repeat the French translation of the lines of our English poet,*

“ *This* is the desert, *this* the solitude;

“ How populous, how vital is the grave !”

Which words having been overheard by the reporter of the commune, she was accused of incivism, denounced, and sent to the guillotine.

The person who imparted these circumstances to our hero, seemed willing to favour him with an equal degree of information concerning the rest of the unhappy groupe; but he was too much occupied by his own thoughts to listen to such uninteresting details, and hastily stepped on.

* Young.

“What a charming contrivance is this guillotine!” said he to himself, as he went along. “How effectually does it stop the mouths of troublesome people. Would that this good-for-nothing old man had made such a desirable exit! And why should he not? Of what utility is his life to society? Why should he deprive me of these seven hundred guineas? Does not the philosophy, I now profess, teach that there is no such thing as right? From thence the inference is plain, that the gold ought in justice to be disposed of in the way that will be most conducive to the general interests of society. If I give to this foolish old man the six hundred and fifty guineas which are now left, what will be the consequence? Will he not claim the remainder; and asperse my character, if I refuse to comply with his demand? And would not this be to deprive me of my utility? Thus it is evident, that one of us must inevitably be destroyed; and
surely,

surely, of the two, it is fitting that the one most useless to society should suffer.

“My promise has been passed to his brother. True; but in the interval, betwixt the promise and my fulfilling it, a greater and a nobler purpose offers itself, and calls, with an imperious voice, for my co-operation.* Which ought I to prefer? That, surely, which best deserves my preference. A promise, says my friend Myope, can make no alteration in the case. Ought I not to be guided by the intrinsic merit of the objects, and not by any external and foreign consideration? And what merit has this old man to boast? It is said, that he has passed an innocent and inoffensive life; but innocence is not virtue. It is great passions that bespeak great powers, and great powers are but another expression for great energies, and in great energies the whole of virtue is comprised;

* See Pol. Jus. vol. i.

I, then,

I, then, am a more virtuous, and consequently a more useful, individual than this person; therefore it is I whose utility ought not to be interrupted."

In this manner did Vallaton continue to reason with himself, till every doubt vanished, and hope and confidence once more took possession of his mind.

The greediness with which denunciations were at this time received by that tribunal, whose decrees were written in blood, and the slender evidence that was necessary for the conviction of the accused, were circumstances well calculated to facilitate the success of that plan which had suggested itself to the mind of our hero. He hurried home, and shutting himself up in his chamber, soon scrawled over such a letter as he thought best suited to the important service for which he intended it. This letter, which was addressed to the owner of the seven hundred guineas, bore a fictitious signature, but purported to be from an

an intimate correspondent; and was written as if in answer to one which had communicated the plan of an intended assassination of some of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and treated the gentleman as head of the conspiracy.

No sooner had our hero finished this epistle, than he went in search of the person to whom it was addressed.

Having, at length, with some difficulty, found out the obscure and shabby habitation at which he lodged, he was told by the owner, (whose poverty would not permit her to maintain a servant) that the good citizen he enquired for was not then within, but that she expected him every minute.

Vallaton's eye flashed with the triumph of success: he begged leave to wait the return of his friend, to which the good woman of the house readily consented, and ushered him into the dirty and half-furnished chamber, which she called *the apartment of Monsieur*.

“ You

“ You are an Englishman, I presume,” said the woman, while she reached him a chair, “ and, *apparemment*, you bring some good news for Monsieur. Alas! he has been so often disappointed! And after the straits to which he has been reduced, disappointment sits so hard! And what is the hardest matter of all is, his having a fortune of his own too, though he has been so many months without having the value of a single sous. But, *qu’importe?* Monsieur is so good, and so amiable, that he shall share a bit of bread with me and my children, as long as we have a morsel to eat.” Here a knock at the door gave notice of Monsieur’s return. The woman flew to open it, and our hero, rejoicing in her absence, dexterously deposited the feigned letter beneath the cover of an old broken sofa, which stood in a corner of the room.

The gentleman entered, and Vallaton announced himself as the friend of his brother.

ther. An emotion of pleasure seemed to reanimate the old man's pallid countenance. He saluted his visitor with the most cordial satisfaction, listened to his apology for not having waited on him sooner with complacency, and heard of the safety of the seven hundred guineas with delight. Vallaton then presented him with a letter from his brother, the perusal of which brought tears (though not such bitter ones as he had of late been accustomed to shed) down his furrowed cheek; and again, and again, he repeated his fervent thanks to God for the happy period that was thus put to his distresses.

Having appointed the day after the following for returning with the money, Vallaton took his leave, loaded with the gentleman's thanks for his goodness in taking so much trouble.

In the evening he again sallied forth, and directing his steps to the office of the Revolutionary Tribunal, he threw into it
an

an anonymous billet, notifying, that [“] a conspiracy, of which **** **, a lodger in the house of a female citizen in Le Rue ****, was the contriver and the head, had come to the knowledge of a *bon patriot*, who desired that a thorough search might be made in the apartment of the conspirator for further information.” He retreated unobserved, and took the nearest road to his own lodgings.

Never, till this moment, did the legs of Vallaton shake under their master's weight. He attempted to tread firm, but in vain, his knees bent under him at every step; and a certain flutter of spirits, which he had never before experienced in the same extent, seemed alternately to accelerate and to arrest the motion of his heart.

Asbamed of this weakness, he retired to his chamber to avoid the observation of his fellow-lodgers: he there recalled to his recollection every dogma of the philosophy that was most eminently calculated to reassure

assure his mind. What he had just done would, it was true, probably be the means of making an old man lose his head. What then? he was but the passive instrument: no more to blame than the guillotine which should behead him. His actions had, of necessity, followed their motives. And to whom was he accountable? There was no God to whose all-seeing eye the secrets of his heart were open; no judge to condemn; no hell to punish; no state beyond the grave, where retribution could possibly await him.

While the idea of death and judgment glanced along his mind, a cold sweat broke upon his forehead; he found it was not by meditation, that his agitated spirits were to be restored to composure; and hastily leaving his apartment, he sought in wine and revelry to forget the events of the day.

The morning came on which he was, by appointment, to wait on Mr. **** with his money; but some hours before it would
have

have been necessary to have attended him, he read, in *Le Journal de Paris*, of his having been arrested as a conspirator. Not all the energies of our hero were sufficient to quell the anxiety which, for some days after this event, continued to haunt his mind. It was not long, however, till doubt was lost in certainty. As he was one morning of the following week hastily walking along the *Pont Neuf*, without knowing where he intended to proceed, his ears were stunned by the vociferous pronunciation of that name, which he had of late so assiduously laboured to banish from his thoughts. Scarcely knowing what he did, he suffered the hawker, who was bellowing it, to put a paper into his hands; it was the list of those who had on that morning expired by the guillotine; and the first upon this list was the unfortunate old gentleman, who was there termed *the organizer of a bloody and atrocious conspiracy against the guardians of liberty!*

The paper dropt from our hero's hand. "This morning!" said he to himself, "this very morning! But what have I to say to it? I am but a machine in the hand of fate. Nothing but what has happened, could have happened. Every thing that is, must inevitably be; and the causes of this old man's death were generated in the eternity that preceded his birth. What then have I to say to it?" Absorbed in these reflections our hero returned home.

He found Mr. Myope, and the Goddess of Reason, and two gentlemen, who were their guests, sitting down to dinner. "O gemini!" exclaimed the Goddess of Reason, "how pale Mr. Vallaton is! he looks for all the world as if he had seen a ghost." "Do I?" said Vallaton, with a forced smile; "I have, indeed, been haunted with a violent head-ache all the morning, and have, besides, tired myself to death with walking, but a bumper of burgundy will recover me;" so saying, he filled a bumper

to the lady's health, and so frequently repeated the prescription, that before the end of dinner he was completely restored to his complexion.

The accidental mention of a ghost gave to Mr. Myope an opportunity, of which he was ever willing to avail himself, of inveighing against priests and priestcraft. A momentary pause in his harangue permitted one of the strangers to get in a word. 'I admit,' said this gentleman, 'that to superstition many of the terrors which haunt the imagination and enervate the mind, may certainly be traced; but feeble would have been the powers of superstition, if they had not been armed by the sting of guilt. What apparition did fancy ever form, or credulity ever listen to, that did not originate in a guilty conscience?'

"And what, pray, is this bugbear of a guilty conscience?" retorted Myope.

"What is it, I say, but one of the crea-

tures of priestcraft? Have I not already proved that there is no such thing as crime? How, then, can there be any guilt? The most atrocious *crime* (as it is vulgarly termed) that ever was perpetrated, amounts to no more than mere mistake; and whose conscience ever smote him for a mistake? Our mistakes ought, on reflection, to excite in our minds the emotion of pleasure rather than of pain. Error once committed cannot be recalled; and regret, and sorrow, and repentance, are the extremes of folly. It is this fruitless and childish waste of time, which conduces to an habitual abuse of our faculties; and it is this abuse of our faculties which creates the bugbear of remorse and conscience, and all that nonsense, which priests know so well how to manage for their advantage."

'Whatever use may have been made of it,' returned the stranger, 'I cannot believe that that awful monitor, which Heaven has implanted in the breast of man, was

was bestowed upon him in vain; or that, after the perpetration of any atrocious crime, it is in the power of sophistry to silence its imperious voice. "Pray, sir, what is your opinion?" added the stranger, turning to Vallaton, who sat next him.

Vallaton drank off another glass of wine, got up hastily from the table, complained of increased indisposition, and retired.

The indisposition of Vallaton was not altogether feigned. He felt a sickness at his heart, which he persuaded himself was occasioned by the unusual quantity of wine which he had swallowed, operating on an empty stomach. The open air would dissipate these fumes, and a walk would, by supper-time, restore his appetite: he went out. With hasty steps he hurried along the streets without observing which way he went, nor did any object attract his attention, till he found himself in the midst of *La Plâce de Carousal*. He there looked up; but never were the energies of a philosopher

losopher put to a severer trial than those Vallaton underwent, on beholding himself at the foot of the instrument of death—the blood-stained guillotine! He started with horror, yet had he not the power of instantly turning from it; he seemed arrested to the spot; he gazed upon the scaffold; he fancied he there beheld the placid countenance of the meek old man smiling upon him, as when he pressed his hand at parting. Again he thought he saw his silver hairs grasped by the hand of the executioner, and the blood-streaming head held up to his distracted sight. His knees smote against each other, a chilly coldness crept along his whole frame, and his emotions became so apparent, as to attract the notice of the passengers.

An honest sans-culotte came up to him. “My good citizen,” said he, “I would have you remember, that this is no place to indulge your melancholy. You have, probably, had some friend sent to heaven
by

by this short bridge; but who, in Paris, has not? If you stay here till your grief be taken notice of, it may create some suspicions of incivism, which may get you into a disagreeable predicament."

Vallaton thanked his monitor, and using his utmost endeavours to recollect himself, returned to his home.

The inventions of priestcraft had never implanted a prejudice in the breast of Vallaton. He laughed at the terrors of superstition, and derided the folly of those who could believe in the existence of conscience. Yet would he now have given, not only the bag of gold which was contained in his portmanteau, but all which the wide world could furnish, to have been restored to the same tranquillity which, but a fortnight ago, he had enjoyed.

Whether he sought the conversation of his friends, or mixed in the scenes of revelry and riot; whether he basked in the mid-day sun, or covered himself up in the
darkness

darkness of night; still the trunkless head of the old man pursued him. To his "*mind's eye*," in every place, in every situation, the haggard vision appeared. In this frame of mind, it may be believed, that he readily acquiesced in Myope's proposal of leaving Paris. All that happened to him from this period, is so interwoven with the history of Mr. Myope; that it must still be fresh in the reader's recollection. Here, therefore, we shall close this tedious chapter.

CHAP. X.

"Hard is the fortune that your sex attends!

"Women, like princes, find few real friends.

"Hence, oft from reason heedless beauty strays,

"And the most-trusted guide the most betrays;

"Hence by fond dreams of fancy oft amused."

LYTTLETON.

IT was a late hour before the philosophers, assembled at Mr. Glib's, thought of separating; and long after Mrs. Botherim's usual time of breakfast on the following morning, before Bridgetina issued from her apartment.

They had just began the repast, which the fond mother had been at much pains to prepare, and to keep warm for her darling child, when Julia Delmond entered the parlour. The pallid countenance and languid air of their fair visitor plainly spoke

spoke her want of rest; and the visible impatience with which she waited for the finishing of the tedious meal, evidently denoted the perturbed state of her spirits.

No sooner had Mrs. Botherim left the room, than Julia, seizing the hand of her friend, said she was extremely anxious for her opinion concerning an affair of some moment, but could not have that satisfaction without betraying the secrets of another, and feared it was not justifiable to do so.

“Not *justifiable!*” returned Bridgetina, “surely you cannot have forgotten, that *the facts* with which you are acquainted are a part of your possessions, and that you are as much obliged, with respect to them as in any other case, to employ them for the public good. *Have I no right to indulge in myself the caprice of concealing any of my affairs; and can another person have a right, by his caprice, to hedge up and restrain the path of my duty?* You may take
down

down the book, if you please, but I know I have quoted it word for word; you know I am seldom wrong in a quotation."

'Well, then,' said Julia, 'I shall tell you all. You must know, that last night Mr. Vallaton gave me his whole history.'

"How!" cried Bridgetina, "while he escorted you home?"

'No!' returned Julia, while a crimson blush overspread her countenance, 'not exactly as we were walking home, but afterwards. For you must know,' continued she, blushing still deeper than before, 'that having offended him by something I said at Mr. Glib's, he told me, as we were going to my father's, he plainly saw that, instead of being enlightened by the principles of the philosophers, I was still the *slave of prejudice*. I denied the charge, and he retorted it. At length he said he would put me to the proof. If I had energy sufficient to dare to meet him in the arbour at the bottom of the garden, after
the

the family were retired to rest, he would acknowledge his error, and adore me. I for some time hesitated, but at length I could not bear the thought of appearing despicable in his eyes by my *want of energy*. I went. Think, Bridgetina, what an interview! how extraordinary! how interesting!

“Ah! how charming!” exclaimed Bridgetina, heaving a deep sigh; “ah! what a dear man Mr. Vallaton is!”

‘Dear, indeed!’ rejoined Julia, ‘he is the most amiable of men, and, alas! the most unfortunate. Had you but heard how feelingly he deplored the mystery that hung over his birth!’

“Good gracious!” cried Bridgetina, interrupting her, “a mystery over his birth! how delightful! how did it happen?” drawing her chair still closer to Julia’s, “Pray tell me all.”

‘Why you must know,’ proceeded Julia, ‘that it was on a fine summer’s morning,

morning, in the month of July, that his
 dear deceased patroness (a lady of great
 family and fortune) being induced, by the
 beauty of the morning, to take a walk in
 the thick shade of a sequestered grove,
 heard the cries of an infant, and turning
 her eyes, beheld a white basket, lined
 with quilted pink satin, and a covering of
 white peelong, richly embroidered, thrown
 lightly over it. She approached; and
 lifting up the covering, beheld a lovely
 boy, who sweetly smiled in her face. She
 immediately resolved on taking the charm-
 ing infant under her protection, and bring-
 ing him up as her own son. As he grew
 up, her affection for him, as you may easily
 imagine, increased; and her whole for-
 tune would undoubtedly have been settled
 upon him, had she not suddenly died one
 morning without having made a will, so
 that poor Mr. Vallaton was left without
 any other provision than two or three
 thousand pounds, which she had put into
 the

the funds for his college expences. These circumstances, he said, unfortunate as they might appear in the eyes of vulgar minds, were to him matter of great satisfaction, till he saw me. His mind had sufficient energy to rise above every existing circumstance, but that of hopeless love. It was now that he first deplored those circumstances of his birth and fortune, which he knew the illiberal prejudices of my father would consider as an obstacle—an invincible obstacle to our union. ‘Accursed prejudices!’ exclaimed he, ‘what misery do ye not create in society! Why, my Julia,’ he continued, in a voice *so* tender and *so* impressive, ‘why were we not born in a more enlightened period? In that blest time, so happily approaching, when the sentiments of nature shall be omnipotent, when no absurd institution shall stand in the way of the happiness of lovers, and no cruel father’s sanction be necessary for its completion!’ O Bridgetina! had you
 seen

seen how he was agitated, while he pronounced these words, I am sure you would have pitied him. For my share, (continued Julia, while a pearly drop stole down her cheek) I was quite melted into compassion; but though I said all I could to comfort him, the dear youth was so overwhelmed with affliction, that it made me truly wretched.'

"Happy Julia!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "how I envy you for being the object of such a passion as that which inspires your Vallaton! But, pray, was Vallaton the name of his adopted mother, or was it only given him by her?"

'In several parts of his infant robes,' replied Julia, 'as well as in the covering of the basket, the initial letters A. V. were most beautifully embroidered, from which his patroness bestowed upon him the name he at present bears. It is from this circumstance, Bridgetina, that a ray of hope has darted upon my mind; and an idea occurred,

occurred, which, though it may at first sight seem romantic, is far from improbable, and the more I think of it, appears the more likely to be true. What would you think, if I should make a discovery of his real parents?"

"Think!" returned Bridgetina, "I should think it extremely wonderful, to be sure."

"Well, wonderful as it is," said Julia, "I think I have hit upon them. You know my father's friend and patron, Gen. Villers. He and his lady were for some years privately married, or at least promised to each other, before they durst acknowledge it, for fear of his father the old lord. What can be more likely than that he should be their son?"

"Nothing, certainly, can be more probable," returned Bridgetina. "Nay, it is quite obvious; for the General's name is Andrew, which you know begins with an A; I wonder it did not occur to
me

me from the first. If you take my advice, you will make your father write immediately to the General a full account of the whole affair."

'Alas!' said Julia, sighing, 'my father, as Mr. Vallaton justly observes, has his prejudices. It would, perhaps, be a difficult matter to make him view the affair in the very light we do. Besides, I should rather have the pleasure of making the discovery myself. Good heavens! what extatic delight I shall feel in seeing the amiable Vallaton clasped in the fond arms of his venerable parents! They weeping over him tears of joy, and thanking me by their looks, a thousand times more expressive than words, for restoring to them their long lost-son. My poor father, too! how happy he will be to see me united to the son of his friend. It is too much,' continued she, covering her face with both hands, 'I can never deserve such a torrent of felicity.'

Here the entrance of Mrs. Botherin put an end to the *tête-a-tête*, and Julia, whose imagination was too much heated to descend to the common topics of the good lady's discourse, took her leave. She was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina (who measured her progress in philosophy by the degree of contempt which she felt for the ignorance of her parent) left the room, and muttering an ejaculation upon the misfortune of being subjected to the society of a person whose pursuits were so dissimilar, retired to her own apartment.

“Happy Julia!” cried she, throwing herself into a chair, “Happy Julia, to have such a lover! Why do I not experience the same delightful sensations? why have I not likewise inspired the breast of some fond youth with a similar passion? Is it because I am not quite so handsome? But are not moral causes superior to physical? And in philosophy I have surely made a greater progress than she. I am, therefore,

fore, a fitter object for admiration. It is true, I am not quite so tall—but all men do not admire may-poles; and though I have a little cast in my eyes, and a little twist in my left shoulder, these defects are no moral obstacles to love. Nothing but the unjust prejudices of an unnatural state of civilization, could make Julia loved in preference to me. But Henry Sydney loves her not. Happy thought! Henry, the beloved object of my soul's tenderness, may not be insensible to those soft effusions of a tender sensibility which he shall find to flow from my heart; and incessantly shall I—" Here the soliloquy of the loving maiden was interrupted by the maid-servant, who came to inform her that Mr. Sydney and his son were in the parlour. She instantly went to the glass to adjust her morning cap; and now first felt the mortifying consequences of the disaster of the preceding evening. To appear before Henry Sydney without the flowing braid and frizzled

was distressing; but to remain in her chamber while she knew he was below, was more so; she, therefore, only staid to pin an additional bow to the bright pink ribbon that bound her cap, and then, in the slow step which she thought best suited to the expression of extreme sensibility, she moved towards the parlour.

She was met at the door by young Sydney, who, with easy and unaffected good-nature, expressed his pleasure at seeing her, and his hopes that she had enjoyed her health during his absence.

“ I thank you, sir,” she replied, with a sigh; “ the interest you are so good as to take in my health, should certainly make it precious to me.”

‘ I hope, indeed,’ said Mr. Sydney, ‘ that my son will never be so basely interested, as not to rejoice in the health of his friends, notwithstanding his profession.’

“ His profession, sir,” said Bridgetina, “ is a noble one; and I dare say will, by
Dr.

Dr. Sydney, be directed to the noblest purposes. When mankind are sufficiently enlightened to cure all diseases by the exertion of their energies, I doubt not, that despising what he may in point of fortune suffer from it, he will have sufficient philanthropy to rejoice in such a sublime proof of the perfectability of his species."

A question which had been put to the old gentleman by Mrs. Botherim, relative to the culture of some of her garden-stuff, prevented his hearing the latter part of this observation; which, however, attracted the notice of his son, who was well enough versed in the language of the new philosophy, to know at least from whom she now quoted.

He would have answered her in her own stile, but recollecting how unpleasant, as well as unprofitable, it is to enter into an argument with one possessed of a shallow understanding, and a mind totally occupied
by

by two or three ideas, on which the changes are eternally to be rung, he only observed, that he found Miss Botherin had not mispent her time in his absence.

“ I hope, fir,” said she, in as soft a tone as the natural shrillness of her voice would permit, “ that that time which has appeared so insupportably tedious to your friends, has been spent agreeably by you.”

Henry only bowed.

“ I know not how it happens,” resumed Bridgetina, “ seeing that moral causes are always superior to physical ones, I say I know not how it happens, that the pain of separation appears to be always more severely felt by our sex than by yours. It is more than probable, that since you left your native village, no painful sensation, excited by the tender recollection of the friends you left behind you, has ever disturbed your bosom’s peace. Ah! how different have been the feelings of those friends!”

Henry,

Henry, who instantly suspected that the secret of his attachment to Harriet Orwell, which he, till then, imagined confined to his own breast, had been some how or other discovered by Miss Botherim, coloured, and with an impressive accent, but faltering voice, said, 'he was much indebted to the friends who in his absence had so kindly remembered him.'

Joy diffused itself through the bosom of Bridgetina. In the looks, in the words of Henry, she discovered the tender sensibility of his soul; and exulting in the idea that she too had a lover, she resolved to return his passion with tenfold tenderness, and cast upon him a glance which she hoped would have been sufficiently expressive of her sentiments. But, alas! the unfortunate squint rendered the charitable design abortive. Henry, following, as he thought, the direction of her eyes, cast his towards the door, which was at that moment opened by a little dirty-looking urchin,
kept

kept by Mrs. Botherim to attend her cow upon the common.

“Here be miss’s wig,” cried he, in a loud voice, “the boy be come with it as picked it out o’ the kennel; what a flush o’ wet it is!” holding up the dishonoured tresses of the enraged Bridgetina; who, pushing the little wretch from the door, entered into a warm expostulation with her mother on keeping so unenlightened a domestic.

Mr. Sydney and his son, not wishing to take any part in the altercation, took their leave; and left the mother and daughter to settle the dispute by themselves.

CHAP. XI.

HAD the inclination of Henry been consulted, the first visit which had been paid that morning, would have been to the rectory; but as his father proposed calling first on Mrs. Botherim, whose house lay directly in their way, he could not with any propriety object to it.

The words that had fallen from Bridgetina added fuel to his impatience. That he had some interest in the heart of Harriet Orwell, he fondly flattered himself: but that she should make a confidante of Miss Botherim, of one who possessed a mind so uncongenial, in every way so unlike her own, was equally irreconcilable with

with her extreme delicacy and good sense. Yet how otherwise could he interpret the speech of Miss Botherim?

While the mind of Sydney was occupied with these reflections, his father, who had stood for some moments contemplating the beauty of a tree in full blossom, was expatiating on the charms of nature; and as the association of his ideas led "from Nature up to Nature's God," was making observations on the striking proofs of the divine benevolence with which we are every where surrounded; a benevolence which, he observed, makes the beauteous cradle of the embryo fruit a feast no less delightful to the eye, than the fruit itself is to the palate. Happily this was a subject which never failed to elevate the heart of this good old gentleman in a degree that totally engrossed every faculty, otherwise he could not but have observed, how much the monosyllable answers of his son indicated the total absence of his mind.

As

As they approached the door his agitation increased, and it is probable would no longer have escaped the notice of his father, had not the old gentleman's attention been attracted to another object. A moth butterfly, of rare and uncommon beauty, happened to alight on a neighbouring honey-suckle; and to discover whether it was the **** of Linnæus, or the **** of Buffon, was a matter of too great importance, in Mr. Sydney's estimation, not to deserve the most serious attention. While he went in pursuit of the butterfly, his son, attracted by beauty of a different kind, hastily advanced to the saloon where he knew the family of Dr. Orwell usually spent the mornings.

It was now past twelve o'clock. Already had the active and judicious Harriet performed every domestic task, and having compleatly regulated the family economy for the day, was quietly seated at her work with her aunt and sister, listening to Hume's

History

History of England, as it was read to them by a little orphan girl she had herself instructed.

Here some notable housewife, who may, peradventure, chance to sit long enough at a time to catch the last paragraph as it is read by some of her family, will probably exclaim, “ a few hours’ attention regulate a family, indeed! a pretty story, truly! what nonsense these *men authors* speak! but how, indeed, should they know any thing of the matter? I wish any of them saw how I am employed from morning till night. I wonder how I should get time to listen to books?” Softly, good lady, and for once take the trouble to calculate. Be so good as fairly to set down, at the end of every day, the time employed in repeating directions imperfectly given, or in revoking those that were given improperly; the time wasted in again looking at that which you have looked at before; the time thrown away in peeping
into

into corners, without object or end in view; the time mispent in perplexing your domestics with contradictory orders; and the time abused in scolding them;—and casting up the sum total, please to consider the amount; and then candidly confess, whether Miss Orwell, whose enlightened intellect, and calm and steady judgment, deprived her of all those admirable methods of evincing her notability, might not have time sufficient for the cultivation of her understanding, and the fulfilment of every social as well as every domestic duty. But to return—

The surprise occasioned by the unexpected appearance of Henry was announced by a general exclamation. Unaffected pleasure sparkled in every eye; and if those of Harriet beamed with a superior expression of delight, that delight was so regulated by the transcendant delicacy of her mind, that it required a delicacy similar to her own to read its full extent.

Dr.

Dr. Orwell, who had heard the name of Henry from his study, quickly joined the friendly groupe, and with heart-felt pleasure welcomed the return of his young favourite. He enquired for his father: at that moment the old gentleman entered with a joyful countenance, holding out his pocket-handkerchief, in which the captive butterfly was safely lodged. Nor let this circumstance excite the contempt of any peevish critic, till after a mature investigation of the intrinsic value of his own favourite pursuits, of every object which engages his attention, and every care which disturbs his rest, he can lay his hand upon his heart and say, that all are in the eye of reason more truly estimable.

Happy in themselves and in each other, the time slipped so imperceptibly away with this little party, that though their conversation was not *relieved* by one word of scandal, nor enlivened by any of the news of the village, the clock announced
the

the hour of dinner before they thought of separating: nor would they have done so then, but for the sake of Miss Sydney, who was at home alone.

The old gentleman, whose temper made every thing easy to him, would soon have been prevailed upon to accept of Dr. Orwell's cordial invitation, but Henry, who knew the disappointment it would give his sister, and was too just and too generous to inflict a moment's pain on another for the sake of his own gratification, was peremptory in his refusal. On going through the garden, which afforded a nearer way to the house of Mr. Sydney, Dr. Orwell pointed out to his friends some improvements he had lately planned. "And all this," says he, "should have been done this summer, but for the folly of my daughter Harriet, who has such a strange fancy for that good-for-nothing bush," (pointing to a moss-rose tree, which grew in the middle of a small plat) "that I was silly enough,

enough, at her entreaties, to put it off till another season."

No chromatic air ever raised such soft emotion in the breast of any Grecian youth, as those words of Dr. Orwell's excited in the heart of Henry. That rose-tree he had, some time previous to his last departure for college, planted with his own hands. The charge of rearing it he had given to Harriet, and the pretence of seeing how it throve had given occasion for many a delightful *tête-a-tête*. His eyes now met hers—need we tell the reader they were both sufficiently expressive?

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

"When I see such games

"Play'd by the creatures of a Power, who swears

"That he will judge the earth, and call the fool

"To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain ;

"And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,

"And prove it in th' infallible result,

"So hollow and so false—I feel my heart

"Dissolve in pity."

COWPER.

WHILE the daughter of Dr. Orwell
was enjoying the happiness with
which the return of Henry Sydney had in-
spired her breast, a happiness rendered
doubly dear by the approving smiles of
her respected parent ; emotions of a less
placid nature agitated the fair bosom of
her sister beauty. In the breast of Julia

Delmond all was turbulence and perturbation. While following the course of an unreined imagination, she experienced that deluding species of delight, which rather intoxicates than exhilarates, and which, by its inebriating quality, gives to the sanguine votary of fancy a disrelish for the common enjoyments of life; the eagerness with which her mind grasped at the idea of an extraordinary extatic felicity, agitated her whole frame, and deprived her of peace and rest. Still she pursued the flattering dream of fancy, and kept her mind's eye so fixt upon its airy visions, that she at length believed in their reality, and what appeared at first the mere suggestion of imagination, seemed in the sequel the certain dictates of truth.

That in General Villers Mr. Vallaton should find a father, at first seemed barely possible; then probable; then more than probable; it was next to certainty, or rather *certainty itself*.

All

All that now remained was to find means for effecting the discovery in a manner the most striking and pathetic. For this purpose she called to her remembrance all the similar events in her most favourite novels; in these instructive books the discovery of the hero's parents had always appeared to her a catastrophe particularly interesting, and the idea that she should now have it in her power, not only to witness, but to be a principal actor in so tender a scene, filled her heart with extacy. After much deliberation, she at length fixed upon a most delightful plan for introducing Vallaton to the house of his long-lost parents; but as part of it depended on the indulgence of her father, she found it necessary immediately to procure his consent to its execution.

In order to conceal the agitated state of her mind, she had, on pretence of indisposition, absented herself from breakfast, and begged to be excused from her usual at-

tendance in her father's chamber; nor did she now approach it with that cheerful alacrity which had hitherto led her steps to his door.

Instead of lightly tripping, in her usual manner, to make the fond enquiry after his health, she now stole through the passage as if afraid of being seen; and on opening his door was seized with such a palpitation and embarrassment, that he had twice demanded who was there, before she mustered sufficient courage to advance towards the couch on which he lay. For the first time in her life she now feared to meet the scrutinizing eyes of her father, for, for the first time of her life, she had something to conceal. The shame of being suspected to be the dupe of prejudice had prompted her assent to the clandestine meeting with Vallaton; to that shame she had sacrificed her feelings of propriety, and now felt a consciousness of deserved blame, which not all the applauses bestowed upon
her

her conduct by her enlightened preceptor could palliate or remove.

While Vallaton spoke, his arguments appeared irrefutable, and the light in which he placed the prejudices of her father, made them sufficiently contemptible in her eyes; but the instant she found herself in her father's presence, a mingled sentiment of affection and respect took possession of her mind; the high sentiments of honour he had so carefully inculcated, recovered their influence in her breast; and the shame of having swerved from them, by encouraging the clandestine addresses of the philosopher, overwhelmed her with mortification and disquiet.

It is now time to introduce the father of Julia to the reader's acquaintance, for which purpose we hope the following sketch of his life will not be deemed an impertinent digression.

HISTORY

HISTORY OF

CAPTAIN DELMOND.

CAPTAIN DELMOND was the son of an officer of distinguished merit, who lost his life in the field of battle, leaving to his only child the inheritance of his sword, his honour, and his valour. The young man was then in his seventeenth year, an ensign in his father's regiment. The same ball which tore in pieces the body of the gallant father, struck the standard from the hands of the no less gallant son; who, starting from the ground, bravely recovered the colours as they were about to be taken possession of by a party of the enemy. The spirited behaviour of young Delmond upon this occasion happened, fortunately for him, to be mentioned at the table of a certain General, in the very moment when the successful efforts of his cook, in dressing a turbot of uncommon excellence,

excellence, had extorted his warmest approbation. The praise of the turbot and of the ensign were repeated alternately; and it was, perhaps, owing to the happy association of ideas thus produced, that the memory of the noble General, which, upon such occasions, was very apt to be imperfect, now served him so well, that he remembered young Delmond in the next promotion. He was by this circumstance raised to the rank of lieutenant.

The two nations then at war, having at length sacrificed such a quantity of human blood, and expended such a portion of treasure, as was deemed sufficient for the amusement of the governing powers on either side, thought proper to make a peace; and after a few preliminaries, in which the original cause of dispute was not once mentioned, and things were put as nearly as possible into the same state in which they were at the commencement of hostilities, its ratification was formally announced.

The

The wretched remains of those numerous armies which in the beginning of the contest had marched forth, elate with health and vigour, were now returned to their respective countries; some to languish out their lives in hospitals, in the agony of wounds that were pronounced incurable; some to a wretched dependance on the bounty of their families, or the alms of strangers; and the few whose good fortune it was to escape unhurt, according to the seniority of their regiments, either disbanded to spread habits of idleness and profligacy among their fellow-citizens, or sent into country quarters to be fattened for fields of future glory.

The regiment to which young Delmond belonged, was disposed of in the last-mentioned way. It was ordered into the north of England; and the division of it to which he was attached, quartered at a small village in a very remote situation, and above ten miles distant from the rest of his military associates.

As

As it was a fine sporting country, the diversions of hunting and shooting afforded for some time sufficient employment to his active mind; but the winter setting in earlier than usual, and with uncommon severity, he was not only deprived of these sources of amusement, but by the badness of the roads cut off from all communication with his brother officers, whose society he had hitherto occasionally enjoyed.

In this dilemma he had recourse to reading, and soon discovered that books were really capable of affording some degree of entertainment. The pleasure which resulted from this discovery daily increased, and he soon found it little inferior to that which is derived from any of the methods usually employed by the modern sons of Mars to murder that worst of enemies, Time. If it lost in comparison with the lounge at the milliner's-shop, it was, at least, fully as amusing as *looking over the bridge*, that never-failing resource for every vacant

vacant hour; and though less exhilarating than drinking, gambling, or intriguing, it was, perhaps, as good for the fortune, and safe for the constitution, as any of these approved methods of killing time. The important discovery made by this young foldier, we should here strenuously recommend to the serious attention of those whom it particularly concerns; did we not apprehend, that to recommend books, through the medium of a book, to those who never look into one, would not probably be attended with any great effect. From the example of many great divines and moralists, we might, indeed, infer that this ought to be no obstacle; but as the advancement of our own character for superior wisdom, in the eyes of our own adherents, is not the object at which we aim, we shall reserve our instructions for those whom they may have a chance of reaching.

The place of young Delmond's residence, in the village to which we conducted him,
was

was at an old manor-house, now occupied by the farmer who rented the adjoining lands. The family to whom the estate devolved, had on the death of the late possessor removed from the house all the valuable pieces of furniture, leaving to the present tenant such articles of lumber as they did not deem worthy of removal: of this description was an old book-case with its contents.

Doomed to dust and obscurity, here lay mouldering many ponderous volumes of romances, which had, in the days of their glory, afforded ample amusement to the fair readers of former times; and the works of many free-thinking philosophers, whose labours alarmed the pious zeal of our fathers, but whose names are now forgotten, or only known to those who make it their laudable employment to present to the world under new titles, what they have pilfered from their contents. Of these it may be conjectured that the romances

mances first engaged the attention of the young soldier. Happily his taste had not as yet been sufficiently formed to the more perspicacious stile of modern writers to render him fastidious. The stories were of a nature calculated to excite an interest in his breast. The sentiments of honour were congenial to those he had been early taught to entertain; and the wonderful instances of fortitude, constancy, and valour, displayed in the lives of those illustrious heroes, excited his most ardent admiration. With unwearied patience he laboured through every huge folio in this collection, and was not a little mortified at the conclusion of the Grand Cyrus, to find that not one new adventure remained to excite or to gratify his curiosity.

The ground was still covered with snow, and the inclement skies continued to pour forth their vengeance on the world. What could he do? To read over again the books, which had afforded him so much pleasure,

pleasure, was, indeed, an obvious resource; but like other young people, he had too great a thirst for novelty to relish any story as well a second time as a first. From the works of the philosophers he had been deterred by the professions of regard to religion, with which, in compliance to the prejudice of the times, some of these old authors had thought proper to commence their essays, and which produced in his mind a very proper degree of contempt. Religion he had heard his father talk of as a very proper thing for the common people, who, not having the advantages of military discipline, required a parson with some notion of hell, instead of a cat-of-nine-tails, to keep them in awe, but was quite beneath the notice of a gentleman. From this consideration Mr. Delmond would probably have for ever remained in ignorance of the treasure in his possession, had it not been for an accident which presented to his view, in the middle of a volume, a
delicious

delicious piece of ridicule on the bible. The wit and pleasantry of this passage, which has indeed raised the reputation of every succeeding author by whom it has either been stolen or borrowed, highly delighted the young foldier, and so effectually excited his curiosity with regard to the rest of the books, that in less than a fortnight he was in complete possession of all that ever has, and probably all that ever will be, said against the Christian faith.

Great and manifold were the advantages resulting to Mr. Delmond from this circumstance. Besides strengthening his contempt for the weak votaries of religion, it furnished him with weapons for attacking their belief. Early taught to class all professors of piety into two divisions, viz. fools, and hypocrites, he exulted in the superior information which made him look down with pity on the one, and regard the other with a becoming degree of detestation.

We

We do not think it necessary to follow the young gentleman through all the towns and villages in which, for the four ensuing years, he was successively quartered.

At the end of that period, being then on garrison duty in the west of England, he happened to accompany a brother officer to his father's seat, where he received a pressing invitation to spend a few weeks of the summer.

Among other visitors at S— hall, was the sister of the lady of the house, and with her a niece, the heiress of her fortune, and the intended bride of Captain S—, who, on the very first interview, appeared charmed with the dazzling prize his parents had so kindly provided for him.

The young lady was indeed, what she was universally esteemed, a compleat *beauty*; her features formed a model of the most perfect symmetry; a symmetry, which seemed never to have been discomposed by any impulsive emotions of joy or grief, pain
or

or pleasure. She even appeared (for we will not take upon us to pronounce that it was really so) to be totally unconscious of her own superior charms, and was quite free from that affectation and conceit, which is the portion of so many beauties.

That such a charming creature should attract the notice of the gentlemen, will not appear at all surprising; but that she should escape the envy of the ladies may, perhaps, be deemed somewhat more extraordinary. Yet so it was. She was universally cried up by them as a *sweet girl*—the *sweetest* girl in the world! and as to beauty, she was declared to be *quite a picture*.

Captain S— soon found the latter part of the encomium to be more literally true than he could have wished.

The young lady received him without scruple as the husband chosen for her by her aunt; but how far her own heart acquiesced in her guardian's choice, it was
utterly

utterly impossible for him to conjecture. She was at all times equally sweet, and equally silent. She received every mark of his attention with the most enchanting smile; but smiled just as enchantingly when he forbore to take any notice of her. Fatigued with her insipidity, he was not ill pleased at the opportunity of emancipating himself from an attendance which he found insupportably irksome, and willingly agreed to make one of a grouse-shooting party, who were to be absent for two or three weeks. Delmond, who was prevented by a sprained ankle from accompanying his friend, at his desire remained to take care of the ladies in his absence.

Whether the young lady was piqued at the neglect her lover manifested in thus leaving her, or whether the superior personal attractions of his friend had really made an impression on her heart, we cannot absolutely determine. She, indeed, found means to convince Delmond of the

latter part of the position; but as a cold and sullen pride is generally found to be the sole animating principle in the race of insensibles, we are rather inclined to believe the former. However it was, her preference for Delmond, whether real or feigned, made such an impression on his heart, that he easily persuaded himself his *honour* was concerned in protecting so much worth and beauty from the cruelty of a forced marriage. The fair nymph sweetly accepted his proffered services, and the very night before the expected return of her lover, set out under the conduct of her new champion on an hymeneal excursion to Gretna-Green.

Though the heart of Capt. S. received no very deep wound from the loss of his mistress, the imperious voice of honour demanded that it should be revenged. The honour of Delmond was no less forward to give satisfaction to his friend for the supposed injury; three days after his re-

turn

turn to head-quarters, they met by appointment, and after mutual salutations, and declarations of perfect good-will, took aim at each other's heart, and fired their pistols. The first shot missed, but the second was more successful; it took effect on each; and each, after receiving his adversary's ball, declared that he was *satisfied*. The seconds interposed, and pronounced that nothing could be more *gentleman-like* than their whole behaviour.

Neither of the wounds proved mortal, though both were painful in the extreme, and very tedious in their cure. The long confinement was attended with very unpleasant consequences to Delmond, whose finances were so much exhausted by his Gretna-Green expedition, that he was under the necessity of borrowing a considerable sum of money from a brother officer. The friends of his bride remained inexorable; nor would her aunt ever be prevailed on to see her, or to grant the least pecuniary assistance.

The regiment was now ordered to Gibraltar; and during the ten years that it remained there, Mr. Delmond on the scanty income of a lieutenant contrived, by the exertion of a rigid economy, to support his wife and family. His fortune remained stationary, but his family received the yearly addition of a fine thriving child. Happily, the poor things, by dint of bad management, bad nursing, improper food, the measles, and the small-pox, were one by one sent to heaven, so that Mr. Delmond and his wife returned to England without encumbrance.

Here they had not long remained, when Mr. Delmond had the offer of a company in a corps then about to embark for the coast of Africa. The climate was unhealthy, the season was unpropitious; but as he had no friend that could command a vote at a borough election, it was the only offer of promotion he was ever likely to experience; it could not, therefore, be rejected.

The

The knowing reader, when he calls to mind the beauty of Mrs. Delmond, will think, from many respectable examples, that a subaltern possessed of so handsome a wife need not to have been at a loss for the road to preferment. It would seem, however, that such a path never presented itself to the mind of Delmond; whose sole care was to place his wife in such a situation during his absence, as might be at once safe, private, and respectable. His solicitude upon this head was soon terminated by the friendship of a very worthy man, who had formerly been quarter-master in the regiment, and had, at the time it was ordered for Gibraltar, retired to the cultivation of the farm which his father-in-law had formerly occupied.

The wife of this respectable farmer, who in soundness of judgment and goodness of heart greatly resembled her husband, joyfully received Mrs. Delmond into her house, and took unwearied pains to render

der her situation there agreeable. How far her endeavours to please were successful, she never had from Mrs. Delmond the satisfaction to learn. That sweet woman went to the place appointed by her husband without gain-saying, but without one word expressive of approbation or content.

When the hour of his departure arrived, she behaved with a philosophy that would have done honour to any sage of the stoic school; and as soon as he rode from the door, quietly betook herself to the embroidery of a work-bag. Mrs. Hurford, who knew from experience what it was to endure the sharp pang of separation, thought it prudent to suffer the first unconquerable emotion to get vent in solitude. A considerable time elapsed before she could bring herself to intrude upon the sorrows of her guest. At length, her heart overflowing with compassionate tenderness, she ventured into her apartment. Mrs. Delmond looked up from her work,
and

and seeing the tears ready to start from the eyes of her hostess, enquired if any thing was the matter?

“Nothing, madam,” replied Mrs. Hurford, struck with such an uncommon instance of fortitude, “I only came to see whether it would be agreeable to you to walk in the garden, but I perceive you are engaged.”

‘Yes,’ replied Mrs. Delmond, ‘you know how I have been hindered all the morning, and I was set upon having this tulip done to-night; does it not look very natural?’

Mrs. Hurford said she was no judge of such work, and left the room, with feelings of compassion not altogether so tender as those which had filled her breast on entering it.

Under this peaceful roof the fair eyes of Julia first opened on the work; and to the judicious management of its mistress was she indebted for the health and happiness

piness of her infancy. The good couple under whose auspices she was reared, experienced for her all the tenderness of the fondest parents. As they were confessedly strangers to all systems of education, the learned reader will undoubtedly suppose that the child must infallibly be lost; but though they knew nothing of any system, they had a sufficiency of that, which, seldom as it enters into the composition of any of them, can amply supply the place of all—sound common-sense. This principle supplied the use of volumes: it fashioned the clothes, regulated the diet, and even dictated the amusements of the little Julia. The sportiveness of infancy was unchecked by the harsh restraints which render a town-nursery a house of bondage. The love of novelty, that source of happiness and instruction to the infant breast, was here gratified, not by the destruction of costly toys, but by the sublime and ever-changing scenes of nature. In-
stead

stead of tedious and unimpressive lessons upon the beauty of truth and virtue, while, as it often happens, every action of the speaker is a libel on the speech, she saw truth and virtue exemplified in the actions of those around her. She was never cheated into obedience, nor had she the seeds of deceit and cunning sown in her mind by promises or threatenings never meant to be performed.

The natural indolence of Mrs. Delmond led her very readily to resign the trouble attending the management of her little charge; she was nevertheless mortified at finding herself the only object of the child's indifference. Mrs. Hurford, perceiving her resentment, wisely obviated its consequences, by contriving to make her the medium through which every gift was to be dispensed, and every little treat bestowed; thus was all jealousy on the part of the mother effectually prevented, and the little heart of the daughter inspired with

with a proper degree of gratitude and affection.

The interest which Mrs. Hurford took in the happiness of her little favourite, inspired her with an idea, which, as it turned out, was essentially conducive to her future fortune. She no sooner mentioned the scheme to her husband, which was indeed the moment it was thought on, than it had his warm approbation. Without hinting at the object they had in view, they asked Mrs. Delmond's consent to carry the little Julia with them on a visit to a relation, who resided at a certain village at the distance of twenty miles; the name of the place they did not mention to Mrs. Delmond; it was the residence of her aunt; and to this lady it was the design of Mrs. Hurford to introduce her lovely charge.

The design succeeded to her wish. The old lady, who lived on terms of great intimacy with Mrs. Hurford's friend, was attracted by the beauty, and charmed with the

the sprightliness and good-temper of her little visitor. The name of Julia, which belonged to herself, still more endeared her. She questioned her concerning her age.

“ She was as old as the little Brindle, and pa Hurford says, that Brindle will be six years old next grass.”

‘ Had she any other papa besides pa Hurford?’

“ O yes; but poor papa was far, far away!”

‘ And mamma?’

“ Own mamma lived with t’other mamma, at Rush-mead.”

‘ And what was mamma’s name?’

“ Own mamma was mamma Delmond.”

The old lady was equally shocked and affected by this discovery. The vow she had made never to see her niece, was not to be broken; but it extended not to her offspring; and from this time to the day of her decease, she at her own desire received an annual visit from her grand-niece.

Julia

Julia had nearly reached her tenth year, before she had the happiness of beholding her father; he then returned. But how returned? No longer that blooming and handsome figure, whose manly beauty attracted universal admiration. Bent down by disease, pale, infirm, and emaciated; the vigour of health, the life of life was gone. The only surviving victim of the ungenial climate, where,

“ ‘Mid each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
 “ Contagious vapours and volcanic gales,”

His gallant companions were doomed to meet the poisoned shafts of death. He, it is true, returned to his country—but returned to linger out a life of pain, and to experience the protracted sufferings of premature old age.

The reader, we hope, is well convinced, that under a wise and uncorrupt government the advantages to be thus purchased at the expence of so many useful and valuable lives, must be far from problematical

cal or uncertain. If the said reader enjoys, or is likely to enjoy, a snug sinecure from the government of a fortress in these regions of pestilence, or has a prospect of pocketing any of the various emoluments arising from contracting for the same, we need say nothing to convince him of its utility, and shall therefore proceed in our narrative.

With an agitation of joy, almost too powerful for his enfeebled frame to support, Capt. Delmond embraced his wife and daughter. With the latter he was truly charmed; she was more than his most sanguine hopes had painted, or his fond heart had dared to wish. To her he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life, and to spare no pains on her instruction and improvement.

In the once beautiful face of Mrs. Delmond time had produced an alteration no less conspicuous than that which climate and disease had wrought upon the person
of

of her husband. To beauties of Mrs. Delmond's description Time is, indeed, a most formidable foe. Where no spark of animation supplies the place of youth's bewitching, but alas! transient glow; where, when the roses die and the lilies fade, no trait of *mind*, no vivid expression of sensibility shoots along the desolated waste, every wrinkle is triumphant, and the conquest over beauty is compleat. The alteration thus effected in the countenance of Mrs. Delmond, though apparent to the eye, reached not the heart of her faithful husband. His attachment to her was not, it is true, either sentimental or sublime; it was, nevertheless, cordial and sincere. As an helpless object depending on his protection, he had been accustomed to cherish her. As *his own*, he had considered her with that regard which self-love attaches to property; and even the very sufferings she had occasioned to him, were, perhaps, an additional motive of his affection. Ha-
bit

bit made him experience uneasiness from the want of her presence, (*society* we can scarcely term it) and that delight with which the human mind returns to those deep-worn channels, where it has long been accustomed to flow, made him experience in this re-union emotions of the most lively joy.

As for Mrs. Delmond, the meeting and the parting kiss were given by her with the same frigid composure. Without any alteration in the tone of her voice, or in one muscle of her countenance, she said 'she was *glad* to see him.' And as we never heard of her being addicted to falsehood, we are bound to believe her.

Capt. Delmond having, through the interest of General Villers, obtained leave to retire upon half-pay, took a small house in a village near that gentleman's seat, and with the prudence of which he was always master, regulated his economy in exact conformity to his circumstances.

The

The mind of Julia, which had been suffered to expand in the freedom of the country, was now eager for instruction. It was perhaps no less adapted to receive it, than if it had gone through the regular course of emulation, jealousy, envy, and hatred, which so regularly succeed each other in the breast of a boarding-school miss. She received the lessons of her father with delight, and soon became mistress of all he thought necessary for her to learn. Her temper, which had never been spoiled by the alternate application of indiscreet indulgence and unnecessary severity, was open, ardent, and affectionate. To every species of cunning and deceit she was quite a stranger. The happiness which glowed in her own bosom, she wished to communicate to every thing around her.

The cheering influence of her light and buoyant spirits penetrated the breast of her father. It soothed his pains, re-animated his spirits, and gave a charm to his other-
wife

wife miserable existence. He regarded his Julia as a being of a superior order. Her capacity he thought almost supernatural. The inferiority of the female understanding he had hitherto considered incontrovertible, and had treated every attempt at the cultivation of the mental powers of that sex with the most sovereign contempt. But his Julia was an exception to the general rule: an understanding so capacious as hers ought to have every advantage. He, therefore, encouraged her insatiable appetite for knowledge with a free command of all the books which either the private collections of his friends or the circulating library could furnish. He laid no restraint upon her choice, for from the pains he took to form her taste, and from the opinion he entertained of the amazing maturity of her judgment, he was convinced she would of her own accord choose only what was proper.

Had a due allowance for the power of imagination in young minds entered into Capt. Delmond's calculation, he would perhaps have been less sanguine. In fact, though Julia read with pleasure books of philosophy, history, and travels to her father, she found a pleasure still more poignant in devouring the pages of a novel or romance in her own apartment. Her feelings were alive to all the joys and all the sorrows of the heroes and heroines, whose adventures she had the delight of perusing. The agitation they excited was so animated, so intoxicating, that she felt a void in her breast when not under the influence of strong emotions. In vain did her reason revolt at the absurdities which abounded in these motley tales; in the kindling passions of her youthful bosom they found a never-failing incentive to their perusal.

Imagination, wild and ungoverned imagination reigned paramount in her breast. The investigation of truth had no longer
any

any charm. Sentiment usurped the place of judgment, and the mind, instead of deducing inferences from facts, was now solely occupied in the invention of extravagant and chimerical situations. In these, to do her justice, the most noble and heroic virtues were uniformly displayed. Of the immense fortunes of which she was the ideal mistress, she reserved to herself but a very slender share. All the poor of the country were in one moment enriched by her bounty, all were made happy by her power. Tender and faithful lovers were released from unheard-of miseries, and put in possession of the most exquisite felicity. Her father, quite cured of his gout, was the lord of an immense domain, whose various beauties fancy painted in more lively colours than the pencil of Raphael was ever dipt in. In short, Julia was an adept in the art of castle-building.

With the education of her daughter Mrs. Delmond never presumed to interfere.

fere. She had before her father's return,
 indeed, taken the trouble to teach her her
 sampler, and had besides endeavoured to
 initiate her into the mysteries of cross-
 stitch, chain-stitch, and gobble-stitch, the
 last of which only seemed to suit the genius
 of the little romp, who did not much relish
 the confinement necessary for these em-
 ployments. As to mental improvement
 Mrs. Delmond wisely judged it to be alto-
 gether out of her sphere: nor was it with
 any view to produce such an effect, that
 she taught her to get by heart the same
 portion of the church catechism, and the
 same number of psalms from Sternhold
 and Hopkins, as she herself had learned;
 all of which she took care that Julia should
 regularly repeat every Sunday evening at
 the same hour and in the same manner
 which she herself had done when at the
 same age. To poor Julia the sabbath was
 indeed a day of bondage and dismay.
 Happy was she when it was over, and no-
 thing

thing more was to be got by heart for a week to come.

Indeed all the religious duties of Mrs. Delmond were very properly confined to that day which is appointed by the church for their especial performance; every Sunday she very regularly went to church, as her aunt had done before her. And there she was so far from missing any part of the service, that she very audibly repeated the whole of it, absolution and all, after the clergyman, to the great edification of those who had the happiness of sitting in the same pew. By this means she obtained the appellation of a mighty devout good-sort-of lady from all the neighbours; nor did she at all displease her husband by the practice of this devotion. But though Captain Delmond thought it proper to encourage this weakness in his wife, he wished the mind of his daughter to soar above the vulgar prejudice.

Virtue,

Virtue, he told her, required no incentive to its performance, but its own innate loveliness. The doctrine of rewards and punishments was only adapted to weak and slavish minds. Honour, he said, was the inspiring motive of the great and noble. As to the notion of revelation, it was involved in absurdities which all truly-enlightened men treated with a proper degree of contempt; it was only the tool of knaves and priests, which they made use of to excite the reverence of fools, the more easily to impose upon them.

The beauty and the peace of virtue Julia found enshrined in her own breast; but had that breast ever been taught to glow with devotional sentiment, to expand in grateful adoration of Divine beneficence, and to wrap itself in the delightful contemplation of a future state of felicity, fairer colours would probably have marked its future destiny!

As

As the heart of Julia was not altogether insensible to vanity, she was exceedingly pleased to find herself so much wiser than the rest of the world. Thus prepared, it is not surprising that she was charmed with the tenets of the new philosophers, which taught her that denying revelation is but one step towards that state of perfection to which the human mind is so speedily advancing. Her introduction to the philosophers, and all that happened subsequent to that event, the reader has already been made acquainted with. It is high time the fair petitioner whom we left at the door of her father's chamber, should now speak for herself, which she shall have an opportunity of doing in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"Hence to the realms of night, dire demon, hence!

"Thy chain of adamant can bind

"That little world, the human mind,

"And sink its noblest powers to impotence."

ROGERS.

CAPT. Delmond's spirits, sunk by a restless and painful night, revived at the sight of his lovely daughter; he kissed her with even more than usual tenderness, and anxiously enquired concerning the indisposition which had so long detained her from him. She said, her head had ached violently, which she attributed to the want of exercise, and had no doubt that a little air would entirely remove it.

"And why, my darling, do you confine yourself so much; I shall insist hereafter upon

upon your going out regularly every day. The air of this apartment is injurious to you, and my dear girl must not be allowed to suffer from her too great kindness to her old father."

The open and susceptible heart of Julia, hitherto a stranger to every species of artifice and concealment, felt this tenderness as a reproach too poignant to be borne. Her eyes filled with tears. She dared not trust her voice, but with an air of the most emphatic gratitude and affection she kissed the hand which had fondly taken hold of hers.

At length the importance of the projected enterprize rushed upon her recollection; when stifling her emotion, and assuming an air of cheerfulness, she said she had been thinking that a ride into the country would be of service to her. She had long promised a visit to Castle-Villers, and with her father's permission thought she might now accomplish it.

"Certainly,

“Certainly, my love, as soon as ever you please: you shall yourself write a note to Mrs. Villers to inform her of your intention, and she will, I make no doubt, send the carriage to fetch you.”

‘I was thinking,’ replied Julia hesitatingly, ‘I was thinking whether I could not go without giving her that trouble. You remember Dr. Orwell’s gig. I am sure he would be so good as let me have it for a day, and I would not wish to stay longer.’

“But you cannot go alone in the gig, my dear?”

‘O no, I—I would get some one to drive me.’

“If Dr. Orwell goes himself, and I know he sometimes visits there, I shall have no objection. He is a very respectable man, and I believe the worthiest man of his profession. He, I make no doubt, will take proper care of you. Go then, my dear, and make the request yourself, a
walk,

walk will do you good; and I shall not suffer you to read to me this morning, it would not be proper for you after being so much indisposed, so God bless you, my child—good-bye.”

Half defeated in her purpose, though not quite discomfited, Julia left her father's room without having suffered the name of Vallaton to pass her lips. She could not prevail upon herself to encounter the prejudices of her father, and this timidity led her to practice a deceit, which, though contrary to her feelings and repugnant to her judgment, she hoped the plea of necessity would sufficiently excuse.

The admirers of amiable weakness, who consider the virtues of fortitude and courage as inimical to every charm of the female character, reflect not how impossible it is for the mind that is deprived of their support, firmly to tread the “onward path” of sincerity; nor how often the timid and irresolute will be prompted by their fears

“to

“to take dissimulation’s winding way.”

Fortitude and courage are, however, only the companions of undeviating rectitude. They had hitherto been constant inhabitants in the gentle breast of Julia; whose soft and winning manners clearly evinced that those virtues, masculine as they are generally deemed, are far from being incompatible with modesty and gentleness. In once having permitted herself to tread the path of error, short as were the steps she had as yet taken, she found she had already lost the firm supporters of her mind; and to extricate herself she had recourse to their unworthy substitutes, art and concealment.

In her father’s name she wrote a note to Dr. Orwell to request the gig for the following day; and desiring the answer to be delivered into her own hands, and strictly charging the messenger to say nothing of where he had been to either of her parents, she took the road to Mr. Glib’s.

Mr.

Mr. Vallaton, who did not expect to see her till the evening, was charmed at a circumstance, which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage. And still more was he delighted, when she informed him that she had come on purpose to request a favour of him.

“A favour of me, Julia! impossible. You know not how exquisitely it would delight me to oblige you. I hope it is something that may require the exertion of all my energies, that you may see what power you have over me.”

“It is only to drive me a few miles in a gig. I wish to call at Castle-Villers to-morrow; and thought perhaps you would have no objection to accompany me. The General is very hospitable, and will be happy to receive any friend of my father’s; for as such I mean to introduce you. ‘You do not know,’ continued she with an enchanting smile, ‘what good may arise from this introduction.’”

Vallaton

Vallaton was profuse in his acknowledgments, which Julia interrupted by saying she had still another request to make, which she hoped he would have as little hesitation in complying with.

“Can my lovely Julia fear that any request of hers should meet with a refusal? Impossible. Let her but name her wish; and were it to pluck her kerchief from the horned moon, it should be done.”

“I greatly wish, then,” replied Julia, “nay, I would give the world to see the embroidered covering of the basket which formed your infant cradle. Have you it not with you?”

“No, I believe not; it is not with me at present.”

“Nor any of your infant robes.”

“No, I—I unfortunately left them in the care of a very particular friend in town.”

“How unlucky! indeed, indeed you ought never to go any where without them. Are they not the blessed instruments

ments by which the strange mystery of your birth will most undoubtedly be developed. I must chide you for trusting so precious a deposit in any hands but your own. You can, however, write for them, and your friend may send them to you by the mail-coach.'

Vallaton, who could hardly suppress a smile at the earnestness with which Julia made this unforeseen request, took from it a hint, which effectually relieved his present embarrassment. He promised to write to his friend by that night's post; and doubted not, but that in a few days he should receive the credentials of his noble birth in safety. It is probable that his mind's eye at that moment cast a retrospective glance to the cellar of St. Giles's, where his first blanket, whose embroidery was certainly of no Tyrian dye, after having done its duty as a mop, and gone through the process of decomposition on a dung-hill, had probably long since
lent

lent its aid to enrich its native soil. How much soever Mr. Vallaton's patriotism might lead him to glory in the certainty of his first rags having been thus useful to his country, his modesty prevented his assuming any merit upon this head; and Julia, whose memory furnished her with a thousand similar examples, was quite satisfied that the little embroidered vestments, he had so particularly described, would lead to the happy discovery her ardent imagination had so fully planned.

Mr. Vallaton, willing to change a subject which was rather becoming too interesting, enquired whether the excursion to Castle-Villers was with her father's knowledge.

“O yes,” replied Julia, “my dear papa is always so indulgent that he never objects to any thing that will give me pleasure, unless fears for my safety, or doubts concerning propriety, should suggest the objection.”

“Propriety! in what vocabulary of prejudice did you pick up that offensive word?

what

What can be improper that does not rebel against the great commands of nature? It is these worldings 'gorged with misanthropy,' who have by this term *propriety* forged the most galling fetters for the amiable period of youth. Would that my Julia were superior to the ignoble bondage!

"Indeed, indeed now, Mr. Vallaton, you do my father wrong. He never wishes to subject my mind but to the bondage of reason. If you knew his affection for me, and how good to me he has always been, you would not wonder that I should love him."

"And pray tell me from whence does his affection for you proceed? If it appears, that the circumstance of being his daughter has any influence upon your father's mind, such a weak and foolish prejudice is more deserving of your contempt than veneration."

"Your argument is, indeed, very forcible; I know not how to answer it; but still I cannot so far conquer that prejudice

which I have hitherto considered as virtuous, and which makes me feel it improper too strictly to scan the imperfections of a parent. If I were dependent on his bounty, I should perhaps be less scrupulous; but since, through my aunt's partial affection, I have come to the command of an independent fortune, I feel as if it were not only ungrateful, but ungenerous to examine the motives of an affection, for which I confess (and do not hate me for the confession) it is my most anxious wish to make a suitable return.

“ And pray what has this old gentleman done for you?”

“ Done! how can you ask the question? Did he not, during the period of my infancy, and even before he had ever seen me, part with more than half his income for mine and my mother's support? Was it not for our sakes that he endured the horrors of that detested climate; sacrificed his ease, his health, his comfort? And then

then on his return: what tender affection! what unremitting care! To procure for me the accomplishments which he himself could not teach, and to enable me to make an appearance equal to my companions of larger fortune; how often has he and my mother denied themselves every little comfort to which they had been habituated? Oh! how happy am I now in having it in my power to restore to them these innocent enjoyments, to make their old age as easy and as comfortable as that period of life will admit! Till your arguments convinced me that there could not possibly be a God, I could hardly refrain from the superstitious persuasion, that a sort of Providence had interposed to send me this legacy at the very time when, by the loss of the small pension which my father, in addition to his half-pay, had hitherto enjoyed, it became almost impossible to support his family, and keep up the rank in life he had been accustomed to maintain. In giv-

ing up this fortune to his disposal, I experienced the sweetest pleasure of my life!"

"And have you actually given it up to his disposal?" cried Vallaton with great earnestness, and in a tone fully expressive of the virtuous horror he felt at such a flagitious proof of the destructive vice of gratitude.

"No," rejoined the fair philosopher, "my father would not accept the gift. He said he would do no more than act as my steward. It was evidently the intention of my aunt, that I should be independent before the period affixed by law, and he would not frustrate her intentions. He said, he surely had no cause to be less confident in my prudence than she had! And by saying so he doubly bound me to give myself up to his direction in every article of my conduct."

"Dear enchanting enthusiast!" cried Vallaton, somewhat recovered from his alarm. "The false views in which things appear

appear to your understanding is truly to be regretted. And so you are indebted to this gentleman, because, forsooth, *in the hateful spirit of monopoly, he chose by despotic and artificial means to engross a pretty woman to himself*; and even in absence unjustly to prevent his neighbour from enjoying a good which he could not himself continue to possess; for was not this the true motive of his care of your mother? As for you, whatever he bestowed previous to his knowledge of your real worth, was a glaring proof of the most odious selfishness. Was it not because he believed himself your father, that he thus provided for you? In what a contemptible light does philosophy teach us to view this prejudice? *I ought to prefer no human being to another, because that being is my father, my wife, or my son, but because, for reasons which equally appeal to all understandings, that being is entitled to preference.* In a state of equality, it will be a question of no importance to know

who

*who is the parent of each individual child. It is aristocracy, self-love, and family pride, that teach us to set a value upon it at present.** And for this offspring of aristocratic prejudice, this selfish affection which your father had for you because you were *his*, and not the offspring of some other man, haply more worthy than himself, he is entitled to your duty and your gratitude! Mistaken Julia! I wish you would exert the energies of your mind, to conquer prejudices so unworthy of your understanding."

Poor Julia had not now one word to say in her own defence. Abashed at the conviction of her filial weakness, she cast her lovely eyes upon the ground. The enlightened philosopher tenderly seized her hand, and changing his voice to the soft tone of supplication, entreated she would pardon him for his zeal in the cause of truth. He wished to remove every

* See Po^l. Jus. vol. ii.

obstacle to *perfectibility* in one so near perfection: she had but to conquer a few of those remaining prejudices to reach the goal. "By this fair hand I swear," said he, pressing it to his lips, "that all I say proceeds from the strength and disinterestedness of my affection." The entrance of the Goddess of Reason, Mr. Myope, and Mr. Glib, prevented her reply. She soon took her leave, and her heart palpitating with various contending emotions, returned to her father's house.

CHAP. XIV.

"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

"If guilt, if fraud have stain'd your mind,

"Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."

So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound

Burst from the centre of her burning throne,

Where aye she sits, with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;

A bright sun clasps her adamantinè zone.

So Truth proclaims, her awful voice I hear,

With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

IN the personification of the virtues, Sincerity ought certainly to be delineated as the most vindictive of the whole groupe. Inflexible in her decrees, and jealous of her authority, she hedges round her white domain with so many thorns, that it is impossible to depart from it for a single moment with impunity. In endeavouring

to

to effect his escape, the poor fugitive gets so entangled, that should he even succeed in avoiding the disgrace of detection, he cannot avoid the stings of shame and dishonour, which, if he have any feeling, will pierce him to the quick.

Alarmed lest the answer of Dr. Orwell should by mistake have been delivered to her father, Julia's first care was to seek the messenger it was sent by. He was not yet returned. Indeed the boy thought he never could have a better opportunity of taking his own time. The injunctions laid upon him by his young mistress to conceal his errand from her father, made him quickly sensible that she was in his power. Why should he not indulge himself in a game at marbles? If he staid ever so long she durst not inform on him for her own sake. And if Miss told a lie, by saying she sent him any where else, why should he not tell her another? Could he pretend to be better than Miss.

Vexed

Vexed at his delay, and trembling lest it should occasion a discovery, Julia began to feel the thorns which strewed the path on which she had so lately entered. The boy at length arrived, and brought with him a polite answer from Dr. Orwell, who willingly granted her request. She hastily put the note in her pocket, and then went to the parlour, where she found Mrs. Gubbles, senior, sitting with her father and mother.

“Well, my love,” said Capt. Delmond, “what says Dr. Orwell to your request? Did you find all the family at home?”

“Dr. Orwell is kind enough to let me have the gig whenever I please, and desires his compliments to you and my mamma.”

“And pray,” said Mrs. Delmond, “did you see Mrs. Goodwin? I wonder she did not give you the receipt for the elder wine which I sent to beg of her this morning. She told Nanny she would write it out for me before dinner. Did not she mention it to you?”

‘No,’

‘No,’ replied Julia, ‘I—I did not see Mrs. Goodwin.’

“Aye, but I warrant,” cried Mrs. Gubbles with an arch smile, “I warrant Miss saw somebody better worth looking at. There was young Mr. Sydney just come home from the colleges; I saw him with his father a going to the parsonage just before Miss went out; one would be astonished to see what a great, tall, proper man he is grown. Good lack! it was but yesterday, as I think, since he was quite a little baby; and now to be sure he is one of the most handsomest and most genteelest young men I ever seed in my life. Don’t you think so, Miss?”

‘I don’t know, I did not see him.’

“Not see him! well that is the most extraordinary thing as ever I knew. He could not possibly come back without my seeing him. You know I am quite in the way, and notices every body as goes by: not a foot on the street, I warrant you, but

I knows

He knows of. There is that heathenish set as come to Mr. Glib's, who are all (heaven preserve us!) said to be no better than so many atheists; I see'd them go by this morning; there they are, all living at rack and manger. A good hot supper last night, and a fine dinner to-day. I wonder what will come on it at last? A pretty thing, truly, for folks in their way to entertain at such a rate! If it was only their own neighbours and towns-folks, it would be a different thing; but to be throwing away their substance upon authors and such scum, it is a shame to hear of it!"

"I should suppose, ma'm," said Julia with some warmth, "that Mr. Glib knows his own affairs best: I believe the party you allude to are very respectable people, and do Mr. Glib great honour by their visit."

"It may be so, Miss. They may be very respectable people, to be sure, for aught I know; though I don't think it's the most respectablest thing in the world, for people

ple to be sneaking about the streets all night, that have no honest calling to take them out of their warm beds."

'Do the people at Mr. Glib's keep such late hours?' enquired Capt. Delmond.

"I don't know for all of 'em," replied the loquacious Mrs. Gubbles, "but betwixt four and five this morning, as my husband was a going to Mrs. Dunstan's, (who, as I was telling you as Miss there came in, has got a fine thumping boy) he passed that there tall one just at your garden-gate, I don't know his name, but there he was a perambulating through the street, and I leave you to judge, whether at that late hour it was likely he had been building churches?"

In the loud laugh to which Mrs. Gubbles was excited by her own wit, Julia felt no inclination to join. The consequences of Vallaton's having been seen in his retreat from the arbour, filled her with terror and dismay. To conceal the in-

quietude

quietude of her mind, she made a pretence for quitting the room, and did not return till the visitor was gone and dinner put upon the table.

In places far removed from the great and crowded theatre of the metropolis, the scenes of life (if we may be permitted to carry on the hacknied allusion) come so near the eye, that every little wheel and pulley becomes visible to the audience. The actors are there indeed so few, and so seldom do any incidents occur in the rural drama of sufficient importance to excite a general interest, that if the good people in a country town were not to find a substitute for more important articles of intelligence in the minutiae of family transactions, they must either be condemned to silence, or laid under the dreadful necessity of cultivating internal resources. No such miserable alternative awaits the happier inhabitant of the metropolis. There day unto day furnishes an everlasting fund for
talk,

talk, and the insatiable thirst for news is gratified by such a succession of great events, that though petty scandal may serve as a relish, it is by no means an absolute necessary of life. In the country, where the appetite for news is not a whit less voracious, it is obliged to put up with a more limited bill of fare: the minutest action of every neighbour is there, indeed, very liberally served up, while conjectures on its cause and its consequences serve as sauce to the entertainment.

The valetudinary state of Captain Delmond's health, which deprived him of those resources for killing time to which he had formerly been accustomed, made him glad to fill the vacuum by any piece of intelligence that offered: even a visit from Mrs. Gubbles was on this account acceptable, as no one possessed more information concerning the state of affairs in the village and its neighbourhood than that good lady. Wherever she went, she generally

rally left heads of discourse to occupy the remainder of the day; so it appeared likely to be at present. The birth of Master Dunstan, the fortune he was likely to inherit, the age of his mother, and the question of who was most likely to be asked to stand god-father upon the important occasion, having been all successively discussed; the return of Henry Sydney came next under consideration.

Had Julia heard nothing of him at the parsonage?

It was very extraordinary. Who did she see there? Julia, at a loss for a reply, hesitated, and then said she had only seen Dr. Orwell.

“Were you in the saloon?”

“No.”

“Oh! then the matter is plain enough; the ladies wished to have the gentleman all to themselves, and so the Doctor did not invite you to go in? Ay, ay, let the parson alone. He did not choose to trouble

ble

ble his daughters with a female visitor, when he knew they were more agreeably engaged."

"Indeed, sir, Dr. Orwell was to-day as he always is, very kind and polite. I am sure he and his daughters are equally above every little jealousy."

"Well, well, it may be so; but who are those people at Glib's? You spoke to Mrs. Gubbles as if you had known something of them."

"I believe it is Mr. Myope, the great author, and his lady; I have met them at Mrs. Botherim's: they are very genteel, well-informed people."

"And the tall young man who was seen lurking about the streets at that unseasonable hour; what is he?"

"I don't know indeed," replied Julia, looking at the same time out of the window,

"I can't tell who Mrs. Gubbles meant."

"Some idle fellow of an author too, I suppose," rejoined her father; "one who I

dare say would be very properly employed in carrying a musket. Really, my dear, I am somewhat afraid that Mrs. Botherim is not quite difficult enough in regard to the choice of her guests. Authors and these sort of people may be very good in their way, but they are by no means proper acquaintances for my Julia."

'But, my dear sir, ought we not to pay some respect to talents and genius, even though destitute of fortune?'

"Fortune!—I despise fortune as much as any man; but will talents and genius make a gentleman? And are not all the authors who have talents or genius known to be democrats in their hearts. Talk not to me of such people, my dear, they ought to be the dread and detestation of every loyal subject."

This was a theme on which Julia was ever fearful of entering. She knew her father's prejudices to be unconquerable. It was this circumstance which had hither-

to prevented her from bringing him acquainted with Vallaton, whose patriotism so pure, so disinterested, so enlightened, must be shocked at sentiments so opposite to his own! Even should his respect for her impose upon him a silence repugnant to his generous principles of hazarding all for truth, he could not fail to be wounded at the expressions which, if the subject of politicks was started, would infallibly drop from her father's tongue. She had, therefore, most carefully concealed her knowledge of him from Capt. Delmond, who she well knew would on his part be equally shocked at the enlightened system of her new preceptor.

This concealment she at first imagined would have been a very easy matter; but she soon experienced the torment which, in a generous mind, attends the least attempt at dissimulation. The entrance of Henry Sydney and his sister relieved her present embarrassment. The latter came

to request the favour of Miss Delmond's company to a rural feast in the hay-field, to which the Captain, who considered the symptoms of indisposition he had lately remarked in his daughter to originate in too much confinement, readily acquiesced; and Julia, who now for the first time of her life was happy in any excuse that could relieve her from the burthen of her father's presence, hastily prepared herself to attend her amiable friend.

CHAP. XV.

"Where the sense of the speech is but ill understood,

"We are bound to suppose it uncommonly good."

SIMKIN'S LETTERS.

IT is now time to return to Miss Botherim, whom we left very properly rebuking her mother for the fault committed by her domestick. In reply to a very long and very learned exhortation, which had, however, nearly exhausted the good lady's patience, "I tell you, Biddy," said Mrs. Botherim, "that though coming into the parlour and speaking of your wig before the gentlemen was not his business, to be sure, yet he is a very good boy for all that. He takes such care of the cow, and is so kind to all the dumb creatures, that he must be good."

' Good!'

‘Good!’ repeated Bridgetina with great indignation, ‘It appears, madam, that you know very little of the nature of goodness. What is goodness but virtue? *Considered as a personal quality, it consists in the disposition of the mind, and may be defined a desire to promote the benefit of intelligent beings in general, the quantity of virtue being as the quantity of desire. Now desire is another name for preference, or a perception of the excellence, real or supposed, of any object; and what perception of excellence can a being so unenlightened possibly possess?*’

“You know very well, daughter,” rejoined Mrs. Botherim, “that I cannot answer you in all them there argumentations; but I can tell you that it will be long enough before we get a better boy than Bill, and that there is not a cow upon the common half so well fed as ours.”

‘It is a strange thing, mother,’ rejoined Bridgetina, ‘that you never will learn to generalize your ideas. The boy may take
very

very good care of your cow, and by leading her to the best pasture, promote both her benefit and yours; *but if he derives this benefit, not from a clear and distinct perception of what it is in which it consists, but from the unexamined lessons of education, from the physical effect of sympathy, or from any species of zeal unallied to and incommensurate with knowledge, can this desire be admitted for virtuous?* If your prejudices were not invulnerable, you would not hesitate to acknowledge that it ought not; and if his actions cannot be admitted for virtuous, how can he be called good?"

To this Mrs. Botherim was incapable of making any reply. A silence of some minutes ensued, which the mother at length broke; "I was thinking," said she, "my dear, whether we might not drink tea with Miss Sydney this evening; now that her brother is come home, the compliment will be expected; and you know next week is the week of our great wash, when I never
goes

goes from home, and to-morrow I must look over your things to prepare for it; so as it will be a long time before I have another day, I think we had as well go this.'

The proposal was too agreeable to Miss Botherim to be rejected. A messenger was dispatched to notify their intention; and while Mrs. Botherim betook herself to the task of combing out the unfortunate tresses, whose luckless fate hath already excited the reader's commiseration, Bridgetina retired to her library to study for the discourse of the evening.

CHAP. XVI.

" These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom;

" Those calm desires that ask'd but little room;

" Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,

" Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green!"

GOLDSMITH.

OUR heroine bestowed so much time on the tedious labours of the toilet, that the little party at Mr. Sydney's had enjoyed nearly an hour of each other's society before she and her mother appeared. They found the house deserted of its inhabitants, but were conducted by a little girl through the garden into a meadow which beautifully sloped towards the river. On the lower part a groupe of hay-makers were at work; Mr. Sydney, and his friend the rector, were cheerfully conversing with the

the rustick band, and encouraging the innocent merriment which lightened all their toil. At the upper part of the field was Mrs. Martha Goodwin and her nieces, together with Julia, Maria Sydney, and her brother, all at work; some settling the camp stools which they had carried in their own hands, some depositing their share of the tea equipage upon the table which Henry had just fixed beneath the shade of a spreading elm, and in a spot from which the most delightful prospect of the country opened to the view. All was hilarity and ease, cheerfulness and good-humour.

Ceremony, that tiresome and ineffective substitute for true politeness, found no admittance here. Necessary as her presence is deemed, and necessary as it in reality may be, to preserve the decorum of a city rout, it could be dispensed with by the present party without any apprehension of inconvenience. Where confidence of mutual good-will and congenial harmony of
sentiment

sentiment influence every breast, and the polish of the manners proceeds from the polish of the mind, the forms of ceremony are as useless as impertinent.

If the art of making every one around feel easy and comfortable be accounted a mark of true politeness, Miss Sydney must be confessed to do the honours of her table as an adept. She had seen little of what is called the world, but the few acquaintances with whom she was accustomed to associate, were all well-bred and sensible.

Ever attentive to the wants, and observant to the manners of others, she would have conducted herself with propriety in any scene or upon any occasion that could possibly have occurred. Her good breeding was indeed of that sterling sort that might pass current in any country of the civilized world; and must be confessed in this respect to possess some advantage over that of the frivolous votaries of fashion, whose knowledge of the artificial forms of ceremony,

ceremony, like the paper money of a country bank, has only a circumscribed and local value.

The natural vivacity of Maria's temper had been long suppressed by an unremitting and painful attendance on the death-bed of her mother. Time had worn off the sharp edge of sorrow, but had not quite restored her usual cheerfulness, when the return of her darling brother gave new animation to her spirits, and once more turned her heart to joy.

She had the pleasure of seeing her happiness diffusive. Every eye seemed to sparkle with a delight responsive to that which glowed in her own breast. Even Julia, whose once gay and lively spirits had of late been chilled and frozen in the cold region of metaphysics, seemed re-animating by the participation of pleasures congenial to youth and nature. She entered into the amusements of her friends, joined in the light-hearted laugh, retorted the

the inoffensive raillery, and was one of the most busy in preparing for the rural feast. She and Harriet Orwell had just finished decorating a basket of strawberries with a wreath of flowers which Henry had gathered, and were with light and graceful steps bearing it betwixt them to the table, while Henry, keeping his seat upon the grass, was with eyes of rapture following every motion of the lovely pair, when the small shrill voice of Miss Botherim accosted his ears, and drew his attention from these engaging objects.

‘So Doctor,’ cried she, ‘I perceive that you have retired to taste the pleasures of abstract speculation. How I admire a taste so similar to my own! Divine congeniality of sentiment! it is thou alone can’st give a taste of true felicity to enlightened minds!’

Henry, whose contemplations of whatever nature they were, seemed little disposed to relish this interruption, made no
other

other reply than the common form of salutation; but suddenly rising and placing himself by the side of Mrs. Botherim, he begged to attend the ladies to his sister.

Bridgetina, who humanely resolved to treat her chosen lover with all imaginable tenderness, immediately went round to his side, and instantly began her well-conned conversation.

‘I have just been renovating my energies,’ said she, ‘by the impressive eloquence of Rousseau. I need not ask whether the sublime virtues of his Eloisa do not enrapture your soul? Was any character ever drawn so natural, so sublime, so truly virtuous?’

“I am sorry that I cannot perfectly agree with you,” replied Henry; “but here are the ladies, they had almost despaired of seeing you.”

Maria then came forward, and politely led her guests to the seats she had prepared for them; while Henry slipped round to the
opposite

opposite side of the table, and took possession of a little turfy knoll, which separated the seats of Harriet and Julia.

Though the conversation that commenced between these young people was, if we may judge from the smile of satisfaction that played upon their countenances, sufficiently entertaining to themselves, it might probably be with justice considered beneath the dignity of history. Happily for the edification of the learned reader, it received an interruption from Bridgetina, who, as she never trusted to the spontaneous effusion of the moment, might always be said to speak for the press.

The bustle of the tea-table, and the playful contention which attended the distribution of fruit, cakes, &c. for some time stopt the torrent of her eloquence; but it was only stopt to pour forth at the first opportunity with redoubled force.

‘Dr. Henry Sydney,’ cried she, in a voice sufficiently audible, ‘I must call upon
you

you for an explanation of the words you uttered before tea, which seemed to my apprehension to cast a doubt upon the sublime virtue of Eloisa. If it be to that part of her conduct which seems to have been dictated by her prejudices as a religionist that you object, I have nothing to plead in her defence. But as to her affair with St. Preux, it was surely the most sublime instance of abstract virtue! A virtue superior to the fantastic prejudices of a dis-tempered civilization; and which, in the wild career of energetic feeling, nobly pursued the sentiments of nature. Is it possible that you can perceive no charms in such a conduct?"

"Situating as St. Preux," replied Henry, (while an ingenuous modesty heightened the colour of his expressive countenance) "I will not pretend to answer for myself. No such situation, however, can possibly occur; for never will there be an Eloisa such as Rousseau's vivid imagination has described.

The

The different parts of her character are indeed incompatible with each other."

"In what respect?" asked Bridgetina.

"In minds of a certain cast," returned Henry, "the licentious passions may revel in the heart, while the imagination is forming the most sublime conceptions of exalted virtue. But the virtues of Heloise are not the transient effusions of this species of enthusiasm, they are represented as the steady and dignified offspring of reason. With such principles a part of her conduct is utterly inconsistent, and therefore, in my opinion, unnatural and absurd."

"Indeed, Doctor," replied Bridgetina, "I should not have expected to have found you infected by the prejudices which are engendered by the unnecessary institutions of a depraved society. But when sublimer notions of things have been sufficiently generated by philosophy, depend upon it the example of Eloisa will prove a model to her sex."

“The example of *Eloisa!*” repeated old Mr. Sydney; “was she not a wanton baggage, who was got with child by her tutor? I remember reading an extract from the book in an old review; and I must say the world was very little obliged to Mr. Rousseau for publishing such a story. He might intend it, and if he was a good man he doubtless did intend it, as a warning to young women to beware of falling into the snares of men; but, alas! I am afraid it has done little good.”

“I never read the book in question,” said Dr. Orwell, “but of Rousseau’s system of female education, I think the circumstance you allude to might very naturally be the result. A creature instructed in no duty but the art of pleasing, and taught that the sole end of her creation was to attract the attention of the men, could not be expected to tread very firmly in the paths of virtue.”

“I won-

“ I wonder,” said Mrs. Martha Goodwin, “ what Rousseau would have done with all the ordinary girls, for it is plain his system is adapted only for *beauties*; and should any of these poor beauties fail in getting husbands, God help them, poor things! they would make very miserable old maids.”

“ Beauty, madam,” cried Bridgetina, “ is a consideration beneath the notice of a philosopher, as the want of it is no moral obstacle to love: will not the mind that is sufficiently enlightened always behold the preferableness of certain objects?” continued she, drawing up her long craggy neck so as to put the shrivelled parchment-like skin which covered it upon the full stretch. “ In a reasonable state of society women will not restrain their powers, they will then display their energies; and the vigour of their minds exerted in the winning eloquence of courtship, will not be exerted in vain. There will then be no

old maids, or none but fools will be so. As to Rousseau, it is plain that he was a stranger to the rights of women."

"The inconsistency and folly of his system," said Henry, "was, perhaps, never better exposed than in the very ingenious publication which takes the Rights of Women for its title. Pity that the very sensible authoress has sometimes permitted her zeal to hurry her into expressions which have raised a prejudice against the whole. To superficial readers it appears to be her intention to unfex women entirely. But—"

"And why should there be any distinction of sex?" cried Bridgetina, interrupting him; "Are not moral causes superior to physical? And are not women formed with powers and energies capable of perfectibility? Ah! miserable and deplorable state of things in which these powers are debased by the meanness of household cares! Ah! wretched woman, restrained by the cruel fetters of decorum! Vile and ignoble bondage!"

bondage! the offspring of an unjust and odious tyranny, a tyranny whose remorseless cruelty assigns to woman the care of her family! But the time shall come when the mind of woman will be too enlightened to submit to the slavish task!

“Indeed, Miss Botherim,” said Harriet, “I do not think that there is any thing either slavish or disagreeable in the task: nor do I think a woman’s energies, as you call them, can possibly be better employed. Surely the performance of the duties that are annexed to our situation, can never be deemed mean or ignoble? For my share, so far from feeling any derogation of dignity in domestic employment; I always feel exalted from the consciousness of being useful.”

‘I hope you will never cease to do so, my dear,’ said her father, ‘and you will ensure to yourself a never-failing source of happiness and contentment. It appears to me that each sex, in every situation in life, has its

its peculiar duties assigned to it by that good Providence which governs all things, and which seems to delight in order. For the preservation of this order, the inferior creation are endowed with an instinct which impels them to the peculiar mode of life best suited to their species. To man a higher behest is granted; to him reason is given as the sovereign director of his conduct. Alas! that pride and passion should so often render the precious gift of no avail! It is these which, under various disguises, have generally influenced all the system-makers who have taken upon them to prescribe the duties of the sex. These have, according to their several prejudices, laid down the law which was to govern the whole. The best of these have only given rules of conduct where they ought to have infused principles of action: the few who have not treated women as mere machines, incapable of reason, have made it their business to pervert that reason by
 turning

turning it into a principle of revolt against the order of Providence, exciting to a spirit of murmuring and discontent, as distant from true wisdom as it is inimical to real happiness. One philosopher, and one only, has appeared, who, superior to all prejudices, invariably treated the female sex as beings who were to be taught the performance of duty, not by arbitrary regulations confined to particular parts of conduct, but by the knowledge of principles which enlighten the understanding and improve the heart."

'And pray what was the name of this philosopher, sir?' said Bridgetina, 'I wonder whether he is an acquaintance of Mr. Myope's, I never heard him speak of him.'

"Very probably not," rejoined Dr. Orwell; "his name was JESUS CHRIST. He was the first philosopher who placed the female character in a respectable point of view. Women, we learn from the gospels, frequently composed a great part of
his

his audience: but to them no particular precepts were addressed, no sexual virtues recommended. He knew that by whomsoever his doctrines were sincerely received, the duties annexed to their situation would be fully and conscientiously fulfilled. His morality was addressed to the judgment without distinction of sex. His laws went not to fix the boundaries of prerogative, and to prescribe the minutiae of behaviour, but to fix purity and humility in the heart. And believe me, my children, the heart that is thus prepared, will not be apt to murmur at its lot in life. It will be ready to perceive, that true dignity consists not in the nature of the duty that is required of us, but in its just performance. The single woman whose mind is imbued with these virtues, while she employs her leisure in cultivating her own understanding, and instructing that of others, in seeking for objects on which to exert her charity and benevolence, and in offices of kindness and good-

good-will to her fellow-creatures, will never consider her situation as abject or forlorn. Nor will she who is the mother of a family, consider its humblest duties as mean, or void of dignity and importance. The light of the mind is necessary for the performance of every duty; and great is the mistake of those who think ignorance the guard of innocence and virtue."

'What you have said, my good friend,' said old Mr. Sydney, 'well explains the cause, why minds destitute of the solid principles of religion no sooner get a smattering of knowledge than they renounce the respectable duties of their sex; flying from the post assigned them by nature and Providence, they vainly attempt to seize the command of that which it is impossible they can ever reach. It is, indeed, as you justly observe, in the lessons of our great Master alone that a preservative is to be found against this folly. They offer a sovereign antidote against the swellings

ings of pride and the effusions of vanity; they effectually prepare the mind, not merely for moving in one particular sphere, but for acting with sense and propriety in every situation. Whether married or unmarried, the woman who is thus instructed, will sustain her part with dignity; and the man who is influenced by the same principles, will behave to her with the respect that is due to a joint heir of immortality.'

"Yes," rejoined Dr. Orwell, "if the sublime truths of the gospel had their proper influence upon our sex, women would have little reason to complain. It is impossible that a real Christian should ever be a tyrant. To gratify the passion for dominion, or to exercise the pride of power, can never be an object with him who has imbibed the spirit which pervades the philosophy of Jesus. He can never form the wish of degrading the partner of his bosom to the condition of a slave."

'Alas!'

‘Alas!’ said Mrs. Martha, ‘I am afraid, brother, that such sort of Christians are very rare. When I have heard you, and our good friend Mr. Sydney here, expatiating upon the exercise of Christian virtues, I have often thought it a great pity that the heads of our church had not, instead of prescribing confessions of faith with regard to abstruse and speculative points of doctrine, confined themselves to those which are chiefly insisted upon in the discourses of our Saviour. The creed universally enjoined should then have begun with “I believe it is my duty to love my neighbour as myself, and to do to others as I would have others do to me on the like occasion;” and so gone on through the virtues of humility, meekness, and charity; brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, &c. &c. which articles might have been signed by the most tender conscience, and might probably have been repeated with as much advantage to the soul as the most incomprehensible mystery.’

“It

“It is a very ingenious thought, Madam,” said Mr. Sydney, “and would have done more towards coalescing the different sects into which the Christian world is so unhappily divided, than any mode that has yet been adopted. I fear, however, that the measure would meet with some opposition from the zealots of every party. The confession of charity and brotherly love would be justly deemed an innovation big with alarm, and quite inimical to the spirit of party zeal. But come, Maria, here we are talking away about loving our neighbours as ourselves, and never thinking of our thirsty friends in the hay-field. Go, my dear, and order them some refreshment; let them have the best cheese of the dairy, and the best ale that our cellar affords, and see that it be given them by yourself. Never depute another to do an office of kindness which you may yourself perform. Be assured that the manner of doing it is more than half its value.”

With

With cheerful alacrity Maria rose to obey her father's commands: Harriet insisted on accompanying her; Julia would not be left behind; and Henry probably thought his presence would be necessary to assist his sister, for he too chose to be of the party. Bridgetina seeing the motion of Henry would have likewise followed, but before she could contrive to slide down from her seat, which was rather the highest, the active groupe were more than half-way to the house. Mr. Sydney, apprehensive from her moving that she was tired of her seat, proposed their taking a walk down the field, which was assented to the more readily by Bridgetina as she there hoped for an opportunity of introducing some philosophical observations with which she had indeed come ready prepared, but which the untoward turn the discourse had taken, had prevented her from introducing.

The

The approach of Mr. Sydney and his party was observed with pleasure by the hay-makers, who knew that he was no hard task-master, that where reproof was necessary he reprov'd with gentleness, but that he never withheld from the deserving the just tribute of applause. In truth, their labour being divided among many more hands than was necessary was by no means hard; many found employment here who would have been rejected by more scientific farmers.

“E’en stooping age is here; and infant hands

“Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load

“O’ercharg’d amid the kind oppression roll.”

The glee of the rustics was soon still further animated, on beholding Maria and her friends advancing in gay procession with a profuse supply of refreshments. Maria carried the goblet which, like another Hebe, she presented to all around, and which was plentifully replenished from
the

the pitcher borne by Henry. Harriet and Julia took upon themselves the distribution of the bread and cheese, giving, at the desire of Mr. Sydney, a double portion to such as had left any part of their family at home. Every face wore the appearance of cheerfulness and contentment.

‘Miserable wretches!’ exclaimed Bridgetina; ‘how doth the injustice under which you groan, generate the spirit of virtuous indignation in the breasts of the enlightened.’

“What d’ye say, Miss?” said an old man who imagined her eyes were directed toward him, though in reality she was steadfastly looking in Henry’s face. “What d’ye say, Miss,” repeated he, “about any one’s being miserable?”

‘I say,’ returned Bridgetina, ‘that you ought to be truly wretched.’

“And why so, Miss? what has I done to deserve to be wretched? I works as hardly, and I gets as good wages, as any
man

man in the parish; my wife has good health, and we never lost a child. What should make me wretched?"

‘Miserable depravity!’ cried Bridgetina, ‘how abject that mind which can boast of its degradation! Rejoice in receiving wages! No wonder that gratitude, that base and immoral principle, should be harboured in such a breast!’

“Why, Miss,” returned the man, considerably irritated by her harangue, “I would have you to know as how that I don’t understand being made game of; and if you mean for to say that I have no gratitude, I defy your malice. I am as grateful for a good turn as any man living. I would go ten miles at midnight upon my bare feet to serve young Mr. Sydney there, who saved my poor Tommy’s life in the small-pox: poor fellow, he’s remembers it still—don’t ye Tommy? Aye that a does; and if thou ever forgets it thou art no true son of thy faither’s.”

Here

Here Mrs. Martha interposed, and by a few kind words allayed the resentment which the declamation of Bridgetina had enkindled. She then invited our heroine to walk with her, and as soon as they were out of the hearing of the labourers, asked her what was her motive for thinking that poor man so miserable.

‘ And are not all miserable?’ said Bridgetina. ‘ Are not all who live in this deplorable state of distempered civilization miserable, and wretched, and unhappy?’

“ Indeed, my dear Miss Botherim,” rejoined Mrs. Martha, “ I have the comfort of assuring you that you are very much mistaken. In the dwellings of the poor I am no stranger. As fortune has not put it in my power to do much towards removing their wants, I consider myself doubly bound to do all I can towards relieving their afflictions. For this purpose I make it my business to enquire into them; and in the course of these enquiries I have

found frequent cause to admire the order of Providence, in distributing the portion of happiness with a much more equal hand than on a slight view we could possibly imagine. I question, whether any lord in the land enjoys half the share of content and satisfaction that falls to the lot of that industrious labourer to whom you spoke. You shall, if you please, accompany me some evening to his cottage, which is one of the neatest and pleasantest little habitations you ever visited in your life. You may there, towards sun-set, see the poor man sitting in his nicely-dressed little garden, and perhaps singing some old ballad for the amusement of his children, while their mother is preparing their supper."

'Preparing their supper!' repeated Bridgetina. 'In that one expression you have given an ample description of the misery of their state. Preparing supper! Yes, ye wretched mortals, *the whole of the powers you possess is engaged in pursuit of miserable*

*miserable expedients to protract your existence. Ye poor, predestined victims of ignorance and prejudice! Ye go forward with your heads bowed down to the earth in a mournful state of inanity and torpor. Yet like the victims of Circe, you have the understanding left to give you ever and anon a glimpse of what ye might have been.** Wherever these poor wretches cast their eyes, they behold nought but cruel aggravations of their affliction.

‘ Suppose them at their homely meal, and that the sumptuous carriage of the peer, whose stately mansion rises on yonder hill, should pass their cottage. When they behold my lord and lady lolling in the gilded coach which is conveying them home to the luxuriant repast prepared by twenty cooks, what effect will the grating sight produce in their tortured bosoms? Will not a sense of the inequality of their conditions wring their wretched

* Godwin's Enquirer.

hearts?

hearts? With what horror and disgust will they then view the smoking dish of beans and bacon? Will not their mouths refuse to swallow the loathed food, which the thoughts of the tarts and cheese-cakes that cover the great man's table has converted into bitterness? Will they not leave the untasted meal, and retiring to their bed of chaff, or at best of hen's-feathers, spend the gloomy night in drawing melancholy comparisons betwixt the happy state of the peer and their own miserable condition?"

"And do you really believe all this, my dear?" said Mrs. Martha, laughing. "How in the name of wonder did such strange notions come into your head? Be assured," continued she, "that these poor people see the equipage of my lord and lady with the same indifference that they behold the flight of a bird; and would as soon think of grieving at the want of wings as at the want of a carriage. Were you to follow that lord and lady to their banquet,

quet, you would soon be sensible that it was at their luxuriant feast, and not at the cottager's supper the spirit of repining and discontent was to be found. At night, when tossing on their separate beds of down, they might very probably be heard to envy the sound sleep of the peasant; while the contented cottager in the arms of his faithful wife, and surrounded by his little babes, enjoyed the sweets of sound and uninterrupted repose."

'And so,' said Bridgetina, 'your religion, I suppose, teaches you to be callous to the miseries of the poor?'

'God forbid!'" returned Mrs. Martha, "but my understanding teaches me to discriminate betwixt the natural evils that are incident to poverty, and the fantastic and imaginary ones which have no existence but in the dreams of visionaries. It is one of the blessings belonging to a life of labour, to be exempted from the inquietude of fancied ills. You mistake me, however,

however, if you think I am insensible to the abundance of real ones that falls, alas! too frequently to their lot. But in visiting their afflictions, in advising and consoling them in their distresses, I conceive that I conduce more effectually to the alleviations of their misfortunes, than if I were to indulge myself in the most gloomy reveries, or by exaggerated descriptions of their calamities excite in the wretched objects of my compassion the spirit of discontent. Let us not forget, my dear Miss Botherim, that the essence of charity is very apt to evaporate in the bitterness of declamation. The result of our active benevolence is, on the contrary, attended with the happiest effects, not only to the objects of our bounty but to ourselves:—it returns to our own breasts, extinguishes the sparks of discontent, quenches the flame of pride, and keeps alive that spirit of kindness and goodwill, which is the very bond of peace and source of social happiness.”

‘ You

‘ You are right, my sister,’ said Dr. Orwell, who had heard the latter part of the conversation; ‘ even the benevolence of a Howard might have degenerated into misanthropy, if it had only been employed in abstract speculation upon human misery. Far be it from me, however, to speak of the sufferings of the poor with levity or indifference. I too well know the daily increasing misery of their situation, and too sincerely deprecate the causes which have produced it. These we may, without difficulty, trace to the accelerated progress of luxury and its concomitant vices. But can the feeble voice of declamation stem the mighty torrent? As well might it arrest the career of the winds, or stop the fury of the raging elements. He alone who governs the elemental strife, and from “ seeming evil still educes good,” can, by some great national calamity, chastise the haughty pride of luxury, and open the eyes of the ignorant and misguided croud,

who

who estimate national prosperity by the superfluous riches heaped upon *thousands* at the expence of the accumulated wretchedness of *millions* of their fellow-creatures. All we have to do as individuals, is to exert our utmost efforts to ameliorate the condition of all within our reach.'

"What you observed, sir," said Henry, addressing himself to Dr. Orwell, "concerning the exact proportion betwixt the increase of luxury and of poverty, I had frequent occasion of remarking in my late tour through Scotland."

'And may we not be favoured with an account of this tour?' said Harriet. 'Let us seat ourselves down upon this bank, where we shall have a charming view of the setting sun, and while we feast our eyes upon its beauties, you shall entertain us with an account of Scotland.'

The motion was instantly agreed to; but Henry, far from availing himself of the advantages which the spot afforded for beholding

beholding the most splendid spectacle with which nature has vouchsafed to favour the inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere, turned his back upon the kindling glories of the sky, and contented himself with a full view of Harriet's lovely face. Having placed himself to his liking, he began as may be read in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

— Nor ye who live

“ In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

“ Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:

“ Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung

“ To wide imperial Rome, in the full height

“ Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refined.”

THOMSON.

“ IF you consider the journal of my tour
worthy your perusal,” said Henry,
“ it is very much at your service; you
will there find the description of a variety
of objects which have escaped the notice
of travel-writers, who have seldom gone
out of the beaten path. I, on the con-
trary, was seldom to be found in one.

“ As I traversed the country on foot, I
had a more ample opportunity for observing
its

its romantic scenery. How many sublime prospects did I enjoy from hills that had never echoed the rattling of a carriage? How often did I find the most extraordinary instances of picturesque beauty in steep and woody glens, which would have been equally dangerous to the horse and his rider? Sometimes I botanized along the margin of a pellucid stream; sometimes I pursued my mineralogical researches, and gratified myself with specimens from the grand Museum of Nature; but it was the manners, the character of the inhabitants that chiefly attracted my attention.

“I made no use of the many introductions I received from my friends in Edinburgh to the country gentlemen near whose seats I was to pass, I trusted to the hospitality of their tenants, and I was not disappointed.”

‘Well,’ cried Mrs. Botherim, ‘I vow I am quite astonished how you could think of trusting yourself among them there Scotch savages,

savages, I would not have wondered if they had murdered you. Why I heard my late dear Mr. Botherim declare, that them Scotch presbyterians were the most horridest, wickedest people in the world. And then the wretches are so very poor! not one of them with rags to cover their nakedness; faugh! I wonder how you could enter into their stinking houses?"

"Believe me, Madam, that in the course of one morning, in visiting the out-patients of the London Dispensary, I have met with more numerous and striking instances of the extremes of poverty and wretchedness, than were to be seen from the Banks of the Tweed to Johnny Groat's house."

"That is just what I should have expected," said Dr. Orwell, "as every enjoyment of luxury is purchased by the extraordinary labour of the poor, the effects must be chiefly seen in the spot where she has fixed her empire. There too the poor man comes within the vortex of her vices

vices. He learns to scorn frugality, and the hard earnings of his extraordinary labour is dissipated in intemperance. But I interrupt you, sir; pray proceed.'

"Every step I travelled, whether in England or in Scotland," resumed Henry, "tended to elucidate your assertion. As I receded from the capital, I found simplicity gradually supplying the place of low and loathsome vice, till a decent cleanliness in poverty took place of squalid wretchedness. The reverse of this gave me notice of my approach to some great manufacturing town. There the manners again became corrupted, and brutal ignorance and impudent depravity again became the inmates of the poor man's hovel.

"Soon as I was surrounded by a ragged and clamorous gang of young beggars, I looked out for the stupendous cotton-mill, or other great work where the parents of the little wretches were earning, it may be, three times the wages of the laborious cottager,

cottager, whose honest pride would rather that himself should suffer starvation, than that his children should submit to the mean trade of beggary. But sentiment is lost in the society of the vicious, and of every species of vice untutored minds quickly catch the contagion.

“Untutored, very untutored, indeed! did I every where find the minds of our English peasantry.

“In situations remote from the influence of luxury, I found the poor cleanly and industrious; but still I found them involved in almost brutal ignorance.

“How superior in this respect did I find the peasantry of Scotland! Their reading (for there all can read) was, it is true, often confined to the Bible; but it would seem, that the knowledge of the Bible alone can have a wonderful effect in enlightening the understanding and invigorating the intellect. The explanation given them by their teachers of the ob-
scure

scure and difficult passages that occur to them in their perusal of the sacred volume, sets their faculties to work. The investigation rouses those powers of the mind, which, when suffered to lie dormant, degenerate into impenetrable stupidity. In this point of view, every dogma they are taught to discuss, whether, when in itself abstractedly considered, it be true or false, is to them of real and important use.

“ When on coming out of one of their country churches, I have observed a groupe of grey-headed rustics in such earnest conversation as excited my curiosity to know the subject of their discourse, I have constantly found it to be engaged on some of the doctrinal topics that had been discussed in the preceding sermon. But would the intellect thus set at work, expand itself into no other channels? Would the perceptions thus quickened be entirely confined to subjects of speculation?

“ It

“ It is not improbable that zeal for the favourite dogmas they have embraced, may sometimes lead them too far; and that it would be still better for the people, if, instead of being taught a profound veneration for speculative opinions, they were more fully instructed in the unchangeable principles of morality; but, alas! where is not the gratification of the teacher’s pride more attended to than the real advantage of the pupil?

“ Whose child are you, my pretty maid? said I one day to a little girl, who was sitting on a tomb-stone in the church-yard betwixt the hours of divine service.”

‘ I am the child of God, sir;’ returned she, with great simplicity.

“ And how did you become the child of God;” enquired I.

‘ I became the child of God by adoption and regeneration,’ rejoined she with great solemnity, crossing her little hands upon her breast, and dropping me one of her best curtsies.

“ But

“ But have you no other father besides God?” said I.

‘ O yes; I am Jamie Thomson’s *bairn*.’

“ I now discovered my error, and while I smiled at the simplicity of the child, could not help wondering at the folly of her instructors; who, by a vain attempt to inculcate doctrines so far beyond her capacity, had taught her to repeat words to which it was impossible she could affix a single idea.”

‘ That there is some foundation for your remark,’ said Mr. Sydney, ‘ I will readily allow, but that the fear of exceeding the capacity of children in their religious instructions has produced consequences of a still more fatal tendency, I am well convinced. And though I am far from being an advocate for enthusiasm, yet I think it must be confessed, that the general sobriety of manners and orderly conduct of the lower classes in North-Britain is a strong testimony in favour of their instruc-

tors; but, indeed, where have not Christian principles been found efficacious under whatever form administered?"

"Did the care of their teachers extend no farther than to their instruction in orthodoxy," replied Henry, "I am afraid they would have less cause to boast of its efficacy upon the moral character of their disciples; but to the honour of these good men be it spoken, they are, as far as I could judge, no less assiduous in watching over the morals of their flocks, than in inculcating a regard to the peculiar tenets of their faith. Dr. Orwell will, I am sure, pardon me for observing, that in this respect the lower orders in Scotland enjoy many peculiar advantages.

"There the clergyman resides in the bosom of his flock. He is intimately acquainted with the situation and character of every individual that composes it. He visits, he instructs, he advises, and comforts them. Every breach of morals
comes

comes under his inspection, and is punished by his censure. The individual that has gone astray is exhorted, reasoned with, and more than probably reclaimed. The stipend of the clergyman being there fixed and permanent, no squabbles concerning tithes sow the seeds of discord, or render him odious to his parishioners. His situation is sufficiently elevated to command respect, without exalting him too much above the level of his congregation. He is not, like too many of our poor curates, seen pining in degrading indigence; nor like our proud and full-fed dignatories, is he rolling in that affluence which elevates him above the performance of his duty. Perhaps no situation is more favourable to virtue; and perhaps in no situation is more real virtue to be found. In the course of all my tour, and on the most minute and particular enquiry, I did not meet with one clergyman whose character was sullied with the imputation of any vice."

‘Unhappy men!’ cried Bridgetina, ‘*obliged by their profession to the constant appearance of sanctity! how miserable must be their course of self-denial! how formal and uncouth their manners! What a constrained and artificial seeming must this attention to a pious exterior necessarily give to their carriage!*’*

“Indeed, Madam,” said Henry, “you are very much mistaken. I never saw more unaffected cheerfulness, more natural gaiety and innocent mirth, than at the meeting of the divines of a certain district called a presbytery. They favoured me with an invitation to dinner, and I never spent a day more pleasantly.”

‘Pray, sir,’ cried Mrs. Botherim, ‘may I ask what was the bill of fare? It must doubtless have been very good to give you so much satisfaction; one would think, to hear you speak, it had been quite a turtle

* See Enquirer.

feast. Well, I vow and declare, I had never no ideer that them there Scotch people knew so well how to live.’

“ I am extremely sorry, madam, that my memory serves me so very ill with regard to such matters, that I am quite unable to give you the particulars. All I know is, that the salmon of the river, which washes the walls of the town in which this presbytery was held, is excellent; and that the mutton which comes from the neighbouring hills, is the best I ever ate in my life. But the enjoyment of this feast was not confined to the good things set upon the table. It was the harmony of sentiment, the good-humour and intelligence which prevailed throughout the company, that gave the peculiar zest to the entertainment.”

‘ I am particularly sorry to be obliged to contradict you, sir,’ said Bridgetina, with great solemnity; ‘ but truth obliges me to declare, that the thing is utterly impossible.’

fible. How can a priest, (I beg pardon of Dr. Orwell and Mr. Sydney, but no respect for persons ought to stop the promulgation of truth)—How then, I say, can a priest in any part of the world, or under any form of what is called religion, be a man of liberal mind or amiable manners? *Do we not know, that all his schemes and prospects depend upon the perennial stationariness of his understanding; and that the circumstances of every day tend to confirm him in a dogmatical, imperious, illiberal, and intolerant character? Is not the most reputable clergyman timid in enquiry, prejudiced in opinion, cold, formal, the slave of what other men may think of him, rude, dictatorial, impatient of contradiction, harsh in his censures, and illiberal in his judgments?**

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Mrs. Martha, “was ever judgment so illiberal?”

* See Enquirer, by Godwin.

Was ever censure so harsh as that you have at this moment pronounced? Is this the boasted liberality of your philosophy? Where is the priest, however narrow his heart, however strong his prejudices, that could, in such an arrogant and dogmatical manner, pass sentence on a whole body of men without exception or reservation?"

'Wherever he be,' said Dr. Orwell mildly, 'if, indeed, the man who has imbibed so little of the spirit of his Master is to be found within the pale of any church, he is the object of pity and contempt. The language of invective and abuse is best answered by silence. Let us not, therefore, interrupt Dr. Sydney any further. It grows late, and I wished to be informed concerning the mode of maintaining the poor in a country where there are neither work-houses nor poor's-rates.'

"In the country parishes," resumed Henry, "the few paupers that are to be found, are supported from the collections made

made at the church-door every Sunday, aided, where necessary, by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. The sum you may imagine is not very large, but there no part of it is swallowed up by parish-feasts, no part embezzled by avaricious and hard-hearted overseers, but all carefully and conscientiously distributed according to the necessities of every individual—distributed by the hands of those to whom these necessities are perfectly well known; who do not think that when they have contributed their quota of the general collection, they have done their duty to their poor brethren, but who very judiciously consider a portion of their time, as well as of their money, to be the right and property of the indigent.

“In my perambulatory excursions through the country, I often visited the labourer’s cottage. The furniture was in general much more plentiful, and of a better quality, than is to be found among the
same

same class of inhabitants in this opulent country; but there, in proportion to the price of provisions, the labourer is better paid. He is considered as a more respectable member of the community. His family I commonly found tolerably well provided with, what are there deemed, the necessaries of life. The nerves of the women are not there, as with us, unstrung by the destructive and debilitating habit of tea-drinking. A hearty breakfast of wholesome oatmeal pudding and good milk enables the wife to perform her share of the domestic duties. To provide the family in food is the exclusive care of the husband: to furnish them with clothes, is the business of the wife; and so well does she perform her part, that the general decency of their apparel is very striking to a stranger. Shoes and stockings, indeed, do not come within their list of necessaries for children; and this circumstance has generally conveyed to our countrymen the

idea

idea of compleat wretchedness. An ancient Roman, however, would have found nothing shocking in the custom.

“ It was once my fate to be overtaken in a thunder-storm, when I was happy in finding a timely shelter from the tempest, in such a cottage as I have been describing. I was received very hospitably by the good woman of the house, and invited to a seat in her kitchen, which I found extremely well occupied. In one corner sat two taylor's cross-legged upon their board, stitching away at a great rate, while two fine little boys seemed intent upon watching the progress of their work. Two girls, of about twelve and fourteen years of age, were industriously employed at their spinning-wheels, which, soon as they found they had attracted my notice, they turned with redoubled speed.

“ A man with an expressive and pallid countenance, and whom I observed to be somewhat lame, sat at the small and only window

window with a book in his hand, which at my entrance he was reading aloud. I entreated him to resume it, which after some entreaty and much formal preparation he proceeded to do, and though it must be confessed he held forth with rather “more of emphasis than good discretion,” gave much pleasure to his attentive audience, by reading a long chapter of the Pilgrim’s Progress. While he was thus employed, the good woman of the house was busied in preparing oat cakes, which she baked on an iron plate called a girdle; and which, as I found to my cost, required no small share of dexterity in the management. Ashamed of being idle where all were employed, I begged permission to assist her in what I thought a very simple operation, and taking up the wooden trowel with which she turned the cakes, I fell to work; but, luckless me! at the very first attempt I broke the cake, dropt the trowel in the fire, and burned my fingers!”

‘ How

‘How charmed I am,’ exclaimed Harriet Orwell, “to find that the beautiful description given by Burns in his “Cotter’s Saturday Night,” was not the mere child of fancy, but an original picture taken from truth and nature.”

“It is, indeed,” replied Henry, “so true a picture, and so justly drawn, that it has been repeatedly called to my remembrance by similar scenes.”

‘Pray who was the reader in your cottage?’ said Julia. ‘From his pallid but expressive countenance, I should suppose him to be the lover of one of the peasant’s daughters.’

“I believe the poor man made no such pretensions,” rejoined Henry; “he was the schoolmaster, who, according to the simple manners of the people, resides alternately with the peasants whose children he instructs. In the time of harvest, which is the universal vacation, he changes his ferule for a sickle, and reaps more pecuniary

niary advantage from the one employment in the course of a few weeks, than he derives from the other during the remainder of the year. It was now his month of residence with these good people; which as night advanced without any abatement of the storm, was mentioned by both the husband and wife with great regret, as it prevented the possibility of my accommodation.

“ This obstacle was at length removed by the schoolmaster himself, who observed, ‘ that peradventure the stranger’s journeying in a mirkfome night, where the path was dubious, and moreover encompassed with many floods, might be perilous; he therefore begged humbly to propose to relinquish (that is, give up) his bed to him, while he himself should go to sleep in the barn with the taylors!’ The proposal was agreed to, and at that moment the little boys announced the finishing of their new coats, which they instantly got on, and strutted

strutted about with as much self-importance and complacency, as ever was experienced by a courtly beau when he first viewed himself in full dress for a birth-day drawing-room. Nor did the looks of the mother display a less degree of satisfaction. She took care to inform me that all the cloth was of her own spinning and dyeing; and that she had got it made up in haste that the children might make a decent appearance at the *examin*, which was to take place next day at the Elder's house. We then sat down to supper, which long fasting and excessive fatigue made appear to me the most luxurious I ever tasted.

“ Soon as our repast was over, the bibles were handed round. The school-master again held forth, and to shew his dexterity, chose to read the account that is given of numbering the tribes of Israel by Nehemiah. He ran no risk of conjuring up the dead by the pronunciation of their names; for I dare swear not an Israelite
among

among them would have known his own. But he went on, to the great admiration of his audience, without stop, pause, or spelling, to the end of the chapter. Burns has given an exact description of the ceremony that followed:

- " Then kneeling down to heav'n's eternal King,
- " The faint, the father, and the husband prays.
- " Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
- " That thus they all may meet in future days;
- " There ever bask in uncreated rays,
- " No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
- " Together hymning their Creator's praise,
- " In such society, yet still more dear;
- " While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
- " Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride!
- " In all the pomp of method and of art;
- " When men display to congregations wide
- " Devotion's every grace—except the heart.
- " The pow'r incens'd the pageant will desert,
- " The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
- " But haply in some cottage far apart,
- " May hear well pleas'd the language of the soul,
- " And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll."
- " Curiosity led me next day to the examination. I accompanied my host and his family

family to the Elder's barn, which was already occupied by a very numerous assemblage of country people of each sex and all ages, decently dressed, and devoutly attentive.

“ Every one rose at the entrance of the minister, who after going the round, like the king at a levee, and like him finding something kind and agreeable to say to every individual, began the business of the day by a short prayer. All the children were then called up by name, and questions put to each, suited to their respective ages and capacities. Where any instance of ignorance or neglect appeared, not only the children, but the parents were rebuked and admonished. The seniors next formed a circle round their pastor, and underwent a very long and strict examination concerning their knowledge in the articles of faith and principles of conduct. Another short but well-adapted prayer concluded the ceremony.”

‘ Well,’

‘ Well,’ cried Mrs. Botherim, ‘ I declare I never heard the like of all this; why it is no better than downright methodism! My dear late Mr. Botherim would ha’ given no encouragement to such practices, I assure ye. He would no more have prayed in the middle of the day in that there manner than he would have ate a pig without pruen fauce, and every one knows how nice he was in that particular.’

“ With what emotions the Rev. Mr. Botherim might have viewed the scene I have been describing,” said Henry, “ I know not, but I confess it afforded me much pleasure. Happy people! said I, as I pursued my walk, ye are only ignorant of your own happiness from having never seen its contrast in the miseries of the vicious. Farewell! ye respectable, though lowly children of virtue! Never may the fiends of avarice and luxury find their way to your humble dwelling! Never may the voice of philosophy shake your

confidence in Heaven, or annihilate in your hearts the cheering hope of immortal felicity."

"And are all the people in Scotland so good and so happy?" cried the youngest daughter of Dr. Orwell. "Oh! how I should like to go there!"

"My dear child," replied her father, "you must recollect that a good description is like a fine painting, where whatever would disgust the eye is thrown into shade. To be able to admire a virtuous simplicity of manners through all the disadvantages of a coarse and homely dress, and to discriminate betwixt that simplicity and vulgar brutal ignorance, requires a judgment ripened by experience, and a mind enlarged by contemplating the effect of circumstances in the formation of human character. Let us know from Dr. Sydney, whether the virtuous simplicity so justly the object of your admiration was universal, or confined to rural life."

"Alas!"

‘ Alas!’ replied Henry, ‘ It must indeed be confessed, that wherever commerce and manufactures have spread their golden wings, innocence and simplicity of manners have fled before them. In their neighbourhood, according to Miss Martha’s favourite poet,

“ The town has ting’d the country, and the stain
“ Appears a spot upon a vestal’s robe.”

COWPER.

When after the contemplation of such scenes as I have been describing, I have in the close of evening come to a manufacturing town, and observed the crouds of pallid wretches who issued from the huge piles of buildings that were its pride and boast—the men, riotous, profane, and brutal; the women, bold, squalid, and shameless—all flying with eagerness to recruit their worn-out spirits by drafts of liquid fire; how often have I been tempted to deplore the introduction of these boasted blessings, which, while they bestowed

wealth on a few fortunate individuals, were to thousands the destruction of health and innocence. How much better, have I said to myself, how much more usefully would these poor wretches have been employed, had the men been engaged to cultivate some of the many thousand acres of waste land which presents its desert hue on every side! And the women—how had they been preserved from vice and misery in the bosom of domestic industry!”

‘I am afraid,’ said Dr. Orwell, ‘that few converts will be made to your opinion. There is something so fascinating in the idea of wealth, that it can never be deemed too dear a purchase. The ostentatious display of the riches acquired in any branch of commerce or manufacture presses on the senses, and inflames the imagination, while the misery it has been the means of introducing into the families of the poor, in the loss of health, of vigour, and of virtue, is screened from observation;

tion; or if observed, is thought unworthy of being taken into the account.'

"And yet," rejoined Henry, "this sudden influx of wealth into a poor country, may be aptly compared to the torrent which astonishes by its magnificence, and gives an appearance of grandeur to the very scene it desolates; while the improvements of agriculture, like the perennial stream which holds on its silent course, is the unobserved dispenser of fertility and verdure.

CHAP. XVIII.

" ——— Well-dress'd, well-bred,

" Well-equipag'd, is ticket good enough

" To pass us readily through ev'ry door.

" ——— She that asks

" Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,

" And hates their coming. They (what can they less)

" Make just reprisals; and with cringe, and thrug,

" And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her."

COWPER.

BRIDGETINA was by no means satisfied with the small degree of attention that was paid her by Henry. Of Harriet Orwell, however, she was by no means jealous. In such contempt did she hold her prejudices, and so meanly did she think of her understanding, that to consider her as a rival she would have deemed injustice

injustice to her own superior powers. Besides, on entering the field, did she not find Henry retired from the rest of the company, evidently to indulge his meditations on some absent object? Who so likely to be that object as herself? ‘Does he then love me?’ cried she, soliloquising in the manner of all heroines. ‘Have my mental attractions power to charm his soul? Oh! the soft, the tender, the extatic thought! But why did he not sigh? Why did he not press my hand? Perhaps I was too distant. Perhaps I awed the youth to silence. Perhaps—’

“I wish to goodness, Biddy,” said Mrs. Botherim, “that you would talk in a way that a body could understand. When you get into one of them there tanterums, there is no getting any good of you. I had as lieve be in a room all by myself. Come now, let us have a bit of social chat: you knows I never bids you do any thing for me the whole day long, nor any thing for
yourself

yourself neither. I loves to see you take so to your book, as to be sure it makes you wiser than any body; but I do think you might chat a little with your poor mother now and then; yes, that I do think."

'How can you break the chain of my reflections in this manner?' replied Bridgetina. 'Betwixt you and I it is impossible there should be any conversation that deserves the name. No; I pant for the society of the enlightened, and your taste, you know, is very dissimilar. So since you have thought fit to disturb the course of my mental reverie, I must have recourse to my book till bed-time, and I beg that I may not be again interrupted.'

Leaving Bridgetina to her studies, let us return to her sister pupil in philosophy—the fair, the lovely Julia; whose spirits had, during the latter part of the evening, lost that transient glow of sprightliness, which had for a short time shed its enlivening influence over her breast.

As

As she drew towards home, the uneasiness and agitation of her mind increased. She dreaded lest Dr. Orwell should propose stepping in with her to enquire for her father; and anxiously obviated the proposal, by declaring him too much indisposed to receive any visit.

• She did not forget to thank the Doctor for his promise of the carriage, in which she said a friend of her father's was to drive her, who would, if the Doctor pleased, call for it at one o'clock. Dr. Orwell said it should be ready, and he and his daughter, after having conducted her to her father's door, wished her good-night.

The knock which announced the return of Julia, was music to her father's ears. So much did he doat on this darling daughter, so necessary was her presence to his happiness, that the effort he made in parting with her, if but for a few hours, was extremely painful. His spirits, which always sunk at her departure, seemed to
receive

receive new animation on her approach. But no longer did she fly to his apartment on the swift wings of undivided affection. With painful anxiety he watched her slow and languid steps. With regret he perceived the distraction of her thoughts, the frequent fits of absence which supplied the place of that lively prattle with which she had been wont to amuse him after every little absence. Fears for her health took possession of his mind; but unwilling that she should perceive his apprehensions, under pretence of wishing to retire to rest at an early hour, he dismissed her. As he wished her good-night, tears of paternal tenderness mixed with his parting embrace, and with more than usual emphasis he pronounced his heart-wished blessing.

Julia went to bed, but the undisturbed and peaceful slumbers that had heretofore been the companions of her pillow, were not to be found. In vain she sought for the soothing balm of sleep. Sleep, which
kindly

kindly comes to the relief of sorrow, sternly refuses its wished-for aid to the agitations of anxiety.

Imagination was now at liberty to run its wild career. In vivid colours it painted the extacy of Vallaton in discovering his parents, the raptures of the parents in beholding their accomplished son. Now she beheld the General present him to her father, and saw the gleam of joy which beamed in her father's face, while he united her hand with the son of his most honoured friend. As Fancy painted the happiness of her lover, the warmth of his gratitude, the excess of his tenderness, her breath became quick, and burning blushes flushed her modest cheek. But if the reverse of all this should happen, said Judgment; if your father should discover that you have been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a man he considers as your inferior? Imagination took the alarm, and instantly delineated the consequences
of

of her father's displeasure in such dreadful lines, as to make her shudder with horror. Her blood then ran cold, and terror and dismay drew the deep sigh from her agitated bosom.

In this manner did Julia pass the night. Her first care, when she arose, was to step down to Mr. Glib's with the necessary instructions for Mr. Vallaton. The shop was still shut, though every other in the town had long been opened. After knocking a considerable time, Mr. Glib himself came to the door. "Ah! glad to see you, citizen Miss," cried he; "find me too much of a philosopher to be tied to hours. Nothing so bad for energies as order: eat when I please, sleep when I have a mind. That's it! my dear, that's the way to have energies."*

'It's not the way to have customers, though, let me tell you, master,' said a gen-

* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii.

tleman's

tleman's servant, who just then came into the shop. 'Here have I been waiting this hour past,' continued the man, 'for a parcel of stationary for my master, and a change of novels for the young ladies. If I were them, I know I should rather send to the next town than trouble you again.'

While the man was speaking, Julia slipped a note for Vallaton into Mr. Glib's hand, and hastily returned home, where she arrived before any one had taken notice of her absence.

Anxiously did she wait for the appointed hour. The hour at length arrived; and from the window of her father's apartment she saw her Vallaton nimbly driving the parson's gig up towards the door. She instantly announced its arrival; and saying she would not let the Doctor wait for her, took a hasty leave of her father, (her mother she then knew to be employed in a room above) and without calling on any servant to attend, she herself opened the street-

street-door, lightly sprang into the carriage, which instantly drove off, and was out of sight in a moment.

Fondly did her heart now exult in the auspicious commencement of her important enterprize; and hardly could she refrain from giving her happy lover a hint of the hopes which fluttered in her bosom; but the idea of making the discovery more interesting, from its being totally unexpected, sealed her lips, and charmed her into silence.

The morning was very fine, and the country through which they passed was beautiful; but neither to the fineness of the morning, nor to the beauty of the country, was Julia or her lover at all indebted for any part of the pleasure they experienced in the course of their delightful ride.

On arriving at Castle-Villers, Julia heard with pleasure that both the General and his lady were at home, though her pleasure received some abatement on being told that they had company with them. She
however

however sent up her name, and was instantly admitted.

On entering the drawing-room, she found Mrs. Villers surrounded by a party of ladies, some of whom she recollected to have seen on a former visit at the castle, the others were strangers to her. They were all talking at once, and all directing their discourse to one little effeminate-looking gentleman; nor did the entrance of Julia give even a momentary interruption to their conversation.

Mrs. Villers herself appeared so much engaged, as not to have heard the servant who pronounced Miss Delmond's name, as he threw open the folding-doors of the drawing-room, though he uttered it in a voice so loud, as not a little discomposed the blushing Julia. She advanced with timid steps and shrinking diffidence to the upper end of the room, where Mrs. Villers at length noticed her approach, and received her with a very gracious curtsy.

Julia,

Julia, somewhat reassured by this reception, with faltering voice begged leave to introduce the gentleman who accompanied her, who was, she said, a particular friend of her father's. Mrs. Villers cast a look on Vallaton, made him a slight curtsy, and then, with a stately and cold formality, desired him to be seated.

‘ You have been a great stranger, Miss Delmond,’ said she; ‘ I should indeed have sent the carriage for you, or taken you up myself some morning, but that I have been so much engaged with company of late, that I have not had one moment to spare. I hope Capt. Delmond has got the better of that lameness—a broken leg I think it was.’

“ It is the gout, Madam, to which my father has been many years a martyr.”

‘ Aye, so it is the gout, now I remember; and your mother, I hope she is very well. Does she go to any watering-place this summer?’ Then, without waiting
for

for the answer which Julia was preparing to give, she turned to the lady who sat by her on the sofa, and observed, 'that Sir Jeremy and the General had taken a very long ride.'

"And why were not you of the riding party, Colonel?" lisped a young lady, whom Julia recognized as the daughter of a Mr. Mushroom, an army agent, and sole heiress to the immense wealth which in the several occupations of clerk, deputy commissary, member of parliament, and contractor, her father had contrived to amass. The gentleman to whom Miss Mushroom addressed herself, regarding her with an air of great astonishment, replied in a tone so full of affectation, as to excite an involuntary smile in the countenance of Julia. 'Me ride Ma'am? How could you petrify me by the mention of any thing so horrid? Getting on horseback is the greatest bore in nature. I wish the savages who first invented it had been all put to the guillotine.'

"I wonder, Colonel," replied Miss Mushroom, "as you dislike riding so much, that you do not exchange into a regiment of foot."

Before the Colonel could reply, he was called upon by two voices from the other side of the room.

"I know it was a blue domino," said one.

"Colonel Goldfinch will tell you it was a Turkish habit," said the other; "was it not, Colonel, a Turkish habit which Lady Lovelife wore when she eloped from the masquerade with Major Swindle?"

"It petrifies me to contradict Miss Page," said the Colonel with great gravity, "but I am obliged to say she is for once mistaken."

"There now," cried the other young lady, "I told you that I had a full account of the whole from the very best authority. Lady Lovelife slipped on the blue domino, as I was saying, over her muslin pilgrim. And"—

"Pardon

"Pardon me, Madam," said the Colonel, "I see you have been egregiously misinformed. I myself saw Major Swindle conduct her to the carriage in a Spanish dress."

'You saw them!' said both ladies at once. 'O then we shall now have the *certain* account of the whole affair.'

"And a very shameful affair it was," said Mrs. Villers. "It is astonishing how a woman of Lady Lovelife's family and connexions, could demean herself by an intrigue with so *low* a fellow. He was once a drummer in General Villers' own regiment."

'A drummer was he,' said Lady Page, who was set by Mrs. Villers on the sofa, 'I always understood he had been a *hair-dresser*.'

As her ladyship concluded this sentence, she cast a look (whether by accident or design cannot now be ascertained) full in the face of Mr. Vallaton. Something very

like a blush diffused itself over the countenance of that gentleman, as his eyes met hers; but calling his energies into action, he drew out his pocket-handkerchief, and applying it to his nose, made the room resound with the noise occasioned by the application, which was somewhat longer and louder than perfect politeness could well warrant in such company. Mrs. Villers appeared disconcerted, but turning to Lady Page she hastily renewed the conversation, which the vociferous action of Vallaton had of necessity suspended.

“Did your Ladyship ever see Lady Lovelife?”

“I never did,” returned her ladyship, “but I am told she is amazingly handsome.”

“She handsome!” said Miss Mushroom; “well, I wonder how any one can think so, she is the very picture of Miss Mor-daunt; but she too may be thought handsome by some people, for ought I know.”

“The

‘The man who thinks her handsome,’ said Col. Goldfinch, ‘must have a strange predilection for thread-papers. She has no more shape than a walking-stick.’

“And no more ease than the poker,” said Miss Page.

‘And then that eternal riding-habit,’ said the Colonel. ‘It quite petrifies me to see her in that dress. It is as tiresome as Lady Wellwyn’s yellow turban, which sickened half the town last winter.’

“Or as Miss Wingrove’s salmon-coloured slippers,” said Miss Page.

‘If Miss Mordaunt’s waist had what Miss Wingrove’s ankle could spare,’ said the Colonel, ‘what an advantage would it be to both!’

“I hope she at least is sufficiently *en bon point* to please you, Colonel,” said Miss Mushroom.

‘Miss Wingrove!’ exclaimed the Colonel. ‘It is enough to suffocate any Christian to look at her. I don’t know any thing

thing so petrifying as to see her go down a country-dance, shaking all the way like a bundle of dirty linen.'

"Or like Lady Mary Metcalf's plume of white feathers," said Miss Page.

'Her ladyship's plumage, I think, has been pretty well plucked by the hand of Pharo last winter,' said Lady Page; an observation which changed the giggle that had before prevailed into a general laugh, in which all but Julia joined with great appearance of satisfaction; her ignorance of high life rendered her ladyship's allusion altogether unintelligible: nor was this the only disadvantage under which she laboured. Having never been initiated into the amusements of the beau monde, she had no relish for that elegant and exalted species of wit, which consists in throwing into a ridiculous point of view some little peculiarity in the dress, the person, or the manners of absent friends. In one word, she had no idea of polite conversation.

The

The vivid imagination of Julia painted the figures that had been described as more diverting caricatures than her confined acquaintance with the world had ever presented to her observation. When, therefore, the footman announced the name of Miss Mordaunt, she prepared herself for beholding an object that would powerfully excite her risibility.

“A thread-paper in a riding-habit,” said the Colonel, imitating the voice of of the servant.

“A may-pole, with a long story of its mamma’s cough,” said Miss Page; “but I vow I shan’t stay to hear it. I shall make my escape, that’s certain.” Then running up to Miss Mordaunt, who that moment entered, “My dear Miss Mordaunt,” cried she, “how rejoiced I am to see you! What an age it is since I had the pleasure of meeting you! I protest I was speaking of you this very moment to Mrs. Villers.”

“So

“So we were, indeed, my dear,” said Mrs. Villers; “I rejoice in your good fortune in finding me surrounded by so many of your friends.”

‘And I have brought two gentlemen to add to the number,’ said Miss Mordaunt, ‘Sir Charles Wingrove and Major Minden,’ presenting them to Mrs. Villers.

“Miss Mordaunt makes her visit doubly acceptable by coming so accompanied,” said Mrs. Villers. “We should have been quite a female party this morning, if Col. Goldfinch had not taken compassion on us.”

‘My very best of good stars has predominated this morning,’ said the Colonel, bowing first to Mrs. Villers, and then to Miss Mordaunt; ‘but my dear Miss Mordaunt, you positively must have some compassion upon our sex, and not go on improving in beauty at this rate. You were killing enough in all conscience before these morning rides had given such an additional lustre to your complexion.’

Surely,

Surely, thought Julia, this cannot be the Miss Mordaunt of whom the Colonel so lately spoke so slightly! This is no thread-paper, no poker, no walking-stick; but a very pretty sweet-looking girl, with more gracefulness in her manner, and more affability and good-humour in her look, than is visible in any of the company. The Colonel too seems quite of my opinion. No, no, it must certainly be some other lady of the same name of whom they spoke.

Alas! poor Julia, how deplorably ignorant was she of the nature of those exaggerated descriptions, which constitute the Attic wit of modern conversation!

The arrival of Miss Mordaunt relieved the mind of Julia from some uneasy doubts which she had harboured concerning the propriety of introducing Vallaton. That young lady had brought with her two gentlemen, of whom one at least was evidently a stranger to Mrs. Villers, who nevertheless seemed to receive their visit as a favour.

Capt.

Capt. Delmond had, she believed, a greater claim upon the friendship of the General, than the father of Miss Mordaunt; and his friend must of course be at least equally acceptable. The difference, then, which she remarked in the reception given by Mrs. Villers to the friends of Miss Mordaunt, could only be the effect of accident. It could be nothing else; for surely the appearance of Vallaton was infinitely more prepossessing than that of either of the other gentlemen.

In this manner did Julia make up her mind upon the subject; nor did it once occur to her, that the very thing which may be esteemed a favour from a person of a certain rank, is deemed a very unwarrantable and improper liberty from one who has not the happiness of being numbered in that privileged order.

Miss Mordaunt, who was niece and grand-child to an earl, and who had always moved in the first circles of fashion, could

could have no attendants in her train, who were not of that description of the human species, to which only, in the opinion of Mrs. Villers, the urbanity of people of fashion ought to extend.

Miss Delmond, on the contrary, though sprung from a good family, (a point on which Mrs. Villers was remarkably tenacious) and consequently one whom it was no disgrace to be civil to *in the country*, was of an order of beings, who, though they are frequently admitted upon sufferance to the tables of persons of rank, are there considered rather as appendages to the company than as any part of the company itself. To express ourselves at once to the comprehension of our genteel readers, she was *one whom nobody knew*. For Miss Delmond, therefore, to presume to bring another person of the same description to the house of the Hon. Mrs. Villers—a person perhaps of mean birth and low extraction, of no stile, no fashion—was
a breach

a breach of all decorum, and deserved to be punished accordingly.

With regard to all points of etiquette, Mrs. Villers was indeed a woman of the nicest sensibility. The smallest breach of the rules by authority of fashion established, was in her opinion an offence far more heinous than the breach of every commandment in the decalogue. Indeed a strict attention to the prohibitions of the latter was by no means a necessary recommendation to her esteem. For instance: though Colonel Goldfinch had, just before his arrival at the castle, been cast in damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his benefactor and friend; though Sir Charles Wingrove had killed a man in a duel; and though Mr. Mushroom had been threatened with a black charge of peculation, which was well known to have been only averted by a timely application of its fruits; yet these were all received by Mrs. Villers with the most distinguished complacency.

The

The two first had the passport of birth as well as fortune to recommend them to her favour; and the latter had, by his long-established reception into the most fashionable circles, obtained a sort of prescriptive right to the same distinction. His deficiency of birth was moreover on the eve of being expiated by a peerage. The title of Right Honourable being in the esteem of Mrs. Villers an infallible panacea, which, like the advertized drugs of the empirics, clears the blood from all impurities. But though a title could operate thus powerfully, it was quite otherwise with the qualities of great virtue, extraordinary talents, or any species of excellence: for these, when of plebeian birth, she felt so little respect, that it never once entered her imagination to calculate their value.

To account for the uncommon fastidiousness of Mrs. Villers with regard to birth and rank, it is perhaps only necessary to observe, that she was herself of very
mean

mean extraction; pride, like a good general, never neglecting to put a double guard upon the weakest part. The same happy instinct to which is to be ascribed the outrageous *virtue* of prudes, the insulting *courage* of coxcombs, and the tenacious *honour* of certain fine gentlemen, excited in the breast of the General's lady an insuperable aversion to people of ignoble birth.

Mrs. Villers was the illegitimate offspring of a subaltern, by the maid-servant of the inn at which he was quartered. At nine years of age she was apprenticed by the charity-school to a respectable milliner, to whose instructions she was indebted for a better education than would otherwise have fallen to her lot.

From this good woman she passed to the service of the Countess of Villers, in which situation her beauty attracted the attention of the General, who privately married her, and at the death of his father publicly acknowledged her as his wife.

It

It was these circumstances, ever present to the recollection of Mrs. Villers, which produced that extraordinary degree of pride by which she expected to *command* the world into forgetfulness of what she wished to obliterate even from her own remembrance.

To the advantages of illustrious birth General Villers was not less sensible than his lady, though he did not find it necessary to assert its prerogative with the same jealous ardour. Having from infancy been taught to value himself on his high descent, he considered it as a thing of course; and as the antiquity of a family which could be traced beyond the Conquest was not to be disputed, he deemed family-pride a part of his inheritance.

It is true, that in the long line of ancestors boasted by this noble family, no one person eminent for talents or for virtue was to be found. Undistinguished by any deed of valour, ungraced by any act of
virtue,

virtue, their names alone remained; but these, though consigned to oblivion by the world, which had never been benefited by their existence, were sufficiently numerous to justify the pride of their descendants.

The General partook of the mediocrity which characterized his family. He was an easy good-natured man, more disposed to kindness than to generosity, and less inclined to investigate prejudices than to entertain a bad opinion of all who opposed their authority. To the gallantry of Capt. Delmond he was indebted for his life in his first campaign; and as Captain Delmond proved to be a man of family, he did not think it beneath him to acknowledge the obligation. His feelings were, however, too obtuse to lead him to make any great exertion in favour of his benefactor. A small pension, indeed, he did procure for him, on his return from the coast of Africa; and not long after he had done so, actually harboured an idea of
 conferring

conferring on him a still greater benefit, by nominating him to a lucrative sinecure, which by some parliamentary manœuvring had come into the gift of his family. This idea, however, was soon relinquished, and the place in question more properly disposed of to a gentleman of some celebrity in the fashionable world, who had lost a large fortune at the gaming-table; and not being possessed, after this loss, of one quality which could give him a claim to the notice of society, must have sunk into inevitable obscurity, but for this well-timed appointment.

As this gentleman was one whom *every body knew*, the generosity of Gen. Villers became the subject of conversation in all the parties he frequented; and so great were the applauses he received upon the occasion, that he could not help congratulating himself on the preference he had given to one in whom so many people of quality were deeply interested. Still, how-

ever, he preserved for Capt. Delmond all the appearance of the sincerest friendship: frequently called at his house, and since Julia had been put in possession of an independent fortune, made a point of honouring her with his particular attention. By no mark of his regard could he so warmly have excited the gratitude of Capt. Delmond.

In about half an hour from the arrival of Miss Mordaunt, General Villers and Sir Jeremy Page returned from their ride, and brought with them the intelligence of an approaching thunder-storm, which soon came on with great violence.

The entrance of the General was a great relief to poor Julia, whose feelings were too acute to be insensible to the mortifying circumstances of her present situation.

Mrs. Villers spoke but little at any time, and the little she had now to say was not directed to Julia. To the rest of the party she was unknown, and but for a
broad

broad stare which she now and then received from the gentlemen, and which by no means tended to alleviate her confusion, she was totally unnoticed.

There are many who would have submitted to all this, and much more than all this, with pleasure, for the opportunity it would have afforded them of obtaining a paltry gratification to vanity, by the boast of having been in such a party. But the mind of Julia had too much real dignity to be solicitous for this species of importance. She had acquired a turn of thinking, which is extremely hostile to the adventitious advantages of rank and fortune. In listening to a conversation, she never considered the dignity of the person who spoke, but the truth or falsity, the wisdom or folly, of the sentiment that was uttered. By these, and these alone, she measured the quantity of her contempt or admiration.

Now it so happened, that since her entrance into this brilliant party, not one

syllable had struck her ears, which in the utmost extent of charity, she could possibly attribute either to good-sense or good-nature. So that while Mrs. Villers and her honourable guests considered the poor unnoticed Julia as filled with silent awe, and envious admiration of their wit and gaiety, she was contemplating with pity the emptiness of their minds and the perversion of their understandings.

From the entrance of the General, Julia no longer experienced the mortification of neglect. He not only made it a point to treat her with particular attention, but extended his politeness to the gentleman who accompanied her. Soon as the rain, which came in torrents, began to descend, he begged leave to order up their carriage, which he had seen at the door as he came in; and politely observed, that Mrs. Villers and he were much obliged to the storm, which procured them the honour of such an addition to their dinner-party. Mrs.

Villers

Villers could not avoid bowing assent to the General's proposal, which Julia returned in the same manner, and felt internally satisfied at the circumstance, which might eventually furnish her with an opportunity of fulfilling the great object of her visit.

She now began attentively to compare the physiognomy of the General with that of his supposed son. Their eyes then were of the same colour. Their noses too both approached the Roman; though the General's was somewhat more prominent, the similarity was still sufficient for a family likeness. She had before observed a similar degree of resemblance in the mouth of Mrs. Villers; and that making a proper allowance for the alterations produced by time, their foreheads had exactly the same characteristics. These casual resemblances were to her prepossessed imagination, 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ.'

To hit upon a proper method of making the discovery, was a point of equal delicacy

delicacy and importance. After revolving in her mind a variety of plans for this purpose, she was at length obliged to trust to chance for an opportunity of disclosing the important secret. It was, indeed, no time for indulging in reflection. The most abstracted philosopher must now have been roused from his reverie by the pretty squalls of Miss Mushroom, reiterated every time the low murmurs of the distant thunder reached her ears with increasing vociferation. That young lady, perhaps conscious of the inherent insignificance of her character, wisely took the only practicable method of bringing herself into notice, whenever an opportunity presented itself for an ostentatious display of her silly fears. Her plan was generally successful; and so conscious was she of its success, that she with triumph watched the slow approach of the spider or the earwig, which, when it came within screaming distance, was to make her the object of soothing attention

tion to a whole company. The noise of thunder (for of the danger of the lightning she entertained not the slightest apprehension) was a circumstance productive of still greater effect. By frequent repetition, she at length actually caught the terrors she at first affected; and by indulging these terrors, brought her mind into a state little short of frantic delirium, usually relieved by a regular hysteric fit. Happily the thunder kept at too great a distance for producing any thing so interesting in the presence of Julia, who had not the least idea that any creature, ranking in the list of rationals, could form a wish of being distinguished for pre-eminence in weakness.

By the time dinner was announced, the sky retained not the appearance of a single cloud which could present an apology for further alarm; so that poor Miss Mushroom was obliged to make the most of what was passed, and live it over again in description.

By

By the help of her papa's arm, for she still trembled too much to support herself, she contrived to accompany the party to the dining-room, where, as Julia happened to be placed betwixt the terrified fair one and her father, she had the pleasure of receiving a minute and accurate account of all the silly things which the former had either said or done during every thunder-storm within the period of her remembrance.

Julia had never witnessed an entertainment so splendid and profuse as that which now covered the General's table. It consisted of every delicacy of the season, made inviting to the appetite by all the studied refinements of Epicurean luxury.

Mrs. Villers desired the servants to hand the *brown barley-bread* along with the white, observing that she always made a point of using a little of it every day at her own table, by way of setting a good example. "And yet, would you believe it,"

it," addressing herself to Lady Page, "the poor people are so faucy as not to like it."

'I am sure, then, they deserve to starve,' returned her Ladyship, sending her plate for some more jelly-sauce to the nice slice of venison; 'I never ate any thing better in my life; but the poor are really now become so insolent they are quite insufferable.'

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Villers, while she helped herself to another plate of turtle-soup, "I think those who murmur at such bread as that, do not deserve any compassion."

'I thought so, too,' said Miss Mor-daunt, 'till I heard from Dr. Orwell, who dined the other day at our house, that the poor wretches had really nothing but bread to eat. Only think how shocking, to have nothing but a dry morsel of bread for one's whole dinner! One can scarcely wonder that they should wish that to be good.'

"I dare

“ I dare say that Dr. Orwell is a democrat,” said Mrs. Villers. “ It is these people who encourage the poor in all their insolence; to hear them speak, one would think there was nothing but misery in the world.”

‘ For my share,’ said Lady Page, ‘ I believe all the rout that is made about scarcity is mere talk. I am sure I never saw less appearance of it.’

“ I do not remember a better venison season in all my life,” said Mr. Mushroom. “ Nor do I believe a better haunch ever came to any table. I must, however, have a cut at the stewed carp, which appears delicious,” sending his plate to Mr. Vallaton, who happened to be placed near this favourite dish; and who fortunately made so judicious a choice of the nicest part, as impressed Mr. Mushroom with a very favourable opinion of his understanding.

Soon as he had finished, he asked the gentleman’s name of Miss Delmond, and
when

when he had obtained it, "Mr. Vallaton," said he in an audible voice, "I must beg the honour of drinking a glass of wine with you. Vallaton!" repeated he, as the servant was filling the wine, "I certainly have had the pleasure of meeting with some of that family abroad: your family is of French extraction, I presume, sir?"

Vallaton bowed assent.

"O yes; a great many Vallaton's in France formerly—all emigrated now—every thing turned upside down in that miserable country."

As Vallaton put down his glass, his eyes again encountered those of Lady Page. The remark which, from the encouraging overtures of Mr. Mushroom, he was about to make, died upon his lips, and while the ladies remained in the room, he continued to observe a strict silence.

Miss Mushroom, who had now completely fastened upon Julia as a listener,
continued

continued her persecution to the drawing-room, and had got about half through the tedious history of the horrors she had once experienced from the direful prodigy of a frog hopping along one of the gravel-walks in the garden, when Mrs. Villers, who had been for some time in earnest conversation with Lady Page at a distant bow-window, advanced towards Julia, and in a voice almost suffocated with agitation, begged to speak with her in the adjoining room.

When Julia beheld the flushed countenance of Mrs. Villers, when she perceived the emotion that quivered on her lip, the idea of her having made some discovery concerning Vallaton rushed upon her mind. Her heart bounded with expectation, and as she lightly tripped into the withdrawing-room, elate with hope and joy, she knew not that she touched the ground.

Mrs. Villers followed, apparently struggling to subdue an extreme degree of agitation:

tation. Having carefully shut the door of the apartment she turned to Julia: "Miss Delmond," said she, in a solemn but tremulous voice, "I cannot imagine that your father would permit any person to accompany you to Castle-Villers, with whose previous history he was not thoroughly acquainted. Tell me then," continued she, with increased agitation, "tell me what you know of the young man who came with you to-day?"

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the delighted Julia, 'and is it indeed possible that I should have guessed the truth? And have you really discovered any thing concerning Mr. Vallaton?'

"Discovered! Miss Delmond; yes, I have made a discovery, indeed! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, for having concealed a circumstance so—so—but I will, if possible, command myself; do not expect, however, that either the General or myself can ever possibly forgive you."

'Ah!

‘ Ah! Madam, can you believe, that if I had really been certain of the circumstance you have so unaccountably discovered, that I should for a moment have concealed it? Did you but know the interest I take, the joy, the satisfaction I at this moment feel, you would not thus accuse me.’

“ What do you mean?” said Mrs. Villers, in an angry tone. “ Satisfaction, indeed! Is this your gratitude for the notice I have condescended to take of you? Is this your return for the friendship General Villers has shewn to your father, to tell me to my face, that you have a satisfaction in a circumstance which will be considered by all my friends as an irremediable disgrace? I must say, Miss Delmond, your behaviour is intolerable.”

‘ Dear Madam!’ returned Julia, in the mildest accent, ‘ surely no one can attach the idea of disgrace to you on account of this affair. In *his* birth there is nothing dishonourable,

dishonourable, *he* was not the produce of an illicit amour, but the dear pledge of hallowed love. *His* parents need not blush to own him to the world for their child.'

The scarlet hue which had hitherto overspread the countenance of Mrs. Villers, now gave place to the livid paleness of rage; while all the circumstances of her own birth, to which she thought Julia alluded, rushed upon her recollection.

"Do you dare to insult me?" cried she, in a voice almost choaked with passion.

"And do you imagine you shall insult me with impunity? But I will not bear it; no, Miss, I will not tamely submit to be insulted by your insolence. I will—I will—but you are beneath my resentment. If your father has dared to affront General Villers, he shall suffer for it as he ought!"

Julia, overwhelmed with astonishment and horror, sat trembling and motionless; totally unable to account for a catastrophe so unexpected, her faculties were for some
time

time entirely suspended. At length she was awakened, as if from a confused dream, by Mrs. Villers' violently ringing the bell, and ordering Miss Delmond's carriage to the door. She then made an effort to speak, but her voice refused its assistance. Seeing Mrs. Villers move towards the door, she caught hold of her gown, and throwing herself on her knees before her, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The distress of Julia, the mildness of her looks, and the humility of her supplicating posture, somewhat assuaged the wrath of the enraged lady, who nevertheless continued to maintain the dignity of silence.

‘ However I have unknowingly incurred your displeasure,’ said Julia, as soon as tears and sobs would permit her utterance, ‘ I on my knees assure you that my offence extends not to my father. He is an utter stranger to Mr. Vallaton. He knows nothing of the mystery of his birth; he never
heard

heard of the embroidered covering of the basket; and if any circumstances unfortunately exist, which would induce you to wish that the affair should be still concealed, you may confide in my secrecy and discretion. Believe me, I would sooner suffer death than betray you.'

"Heavens!" cried Mrs. Villers, regarding Julia with a mixture of horror and apprehension, "the girl has certainly lost her senses!" Then gently disengaging her gown from Julia's grasp. "Compose yourself, Miss Delmond," said she, in a soothing tone, "sit down upon the sofa, and compose yourself."

'I cannot be at ease,' said Julia, 'till I know how I have been so unfortunate as to offend you. Alas! in the distant contemplation of this event, I have fondly flattered myself, that should my conjectures prove true, should he indeed prove to be what you have now discovered him, you would have considered the discovery

as the happiest moment of your existence. I thought I should have seen him clasped to your breast in the fond agony of maternal tenderness. Oh! did you but know how worthy he is of your affection! were you but acquainted with the greatness of his mind, the strength of his powers, the sublimity of his virtue! you would bless the day that gave him to your arms!

“Hush! hush!” said Mrs. Villers, making her a motion to be silent, “you had better sit quiet, and recover yourself.” Then softly slipping towards the door that opened into the drawing-room, she gently pushed it so far open, as should secure her a speedy retreat, in case Julia, whom she now saw to be quite light-headed, should suddenly become outrageous.

Julia on her part considered the behaviour of Mrs. Villers as no less unnatural and extraordinary. Many and various were the descriptions she had read of the behaviour of parents on discovering a long-lost

lost child, but nothing to equal the conduct of Mrs. Villers occurred to her recollection. She could by no means account for it.

“I hope, Madam,” said she, after a short pause, “you will not deem my curiosity impertinent, if I confess I am anxious to know by what means this interesting discovery has been effected.”

“By means of Lady Page,” replied Mrs. Villers, happy to see her beginning to talk rationally; “and I hope, Miss Delmond, it will serve as a warning for you in future, to be extremely careful of making acquaintance with people while ignorant of their family and connexions; for I am now well convinced that you would not willingly have brought this man to Castle-Villers, if you had really known him to have been a hair-dresser.”

“A hair-dresser!” repeated Julia, who in her turn began to suspect the brain of Mrs. Villers to be a little affected, “I know

nothing of any hair-dresser, I never was in company with a person of that description in my life.'

"Do you not know, then," returned Mrs. Villers, in astonishment, "that Mr. Vallaton is a London hair-dresser, a common friseur, a fellow who—good heavens! that such a fellow should ever have the impudence to sit at my table! He richly deserves that my servants should kick him down stairs."

'Mr. Vallaton a hair-dresser!' exclaimed Julia, 'it is a gross deception, a most egregious mistake! His whole life has been devoted to the sublime pursuits of philosophy. His writings have enlightened the world; and his virtues are the most illustrious comment on the glorious doctrine of perfectibility. Is this, then, the discovery you have made? And are you yet ignorant of the interesting mystery of his birth?'

"Indeed, I neither know, nor desire to know, any thing of the birth of such a person,"

son," said Mrs. Villers, drily; "it is enough for me to be convinced that Lady Page cannot possibly be mistaken, as he dressed her ladyship every day for a whole season."

'Her ladyship does, however, most assuredly labour under a very great mistake,' returned Julia. 'Mr. Vallaton is the adopted son of a lady of great rank and fortune, who bestowed upon him an education suited to the supposed dignity of his birth, which, from the circumstances of his infant dress, the casket of jewels which was deposited in the satin-lined basket in which he was laid; above all, from the elegant covering of pelong, with the letters A. V. richly embroidered in every corner, which served as a canopy to the whole, was evidently of no vulgar origin. There can be no doubt that he is the offspring of some noble but unhappy pair, who may yet live to glory in their accomplished son.'

Julia,

Julia, all the time she spoke, kept her eyes stedfastly fixed on the countenance of Mrs. Villers, which, to her great surprise, betrayed not the least emotion at her lively and animated detail; to which she coolly replied, "All this, Miss Delmond, might make a very pretty story in a romance, but I believe such things very seldom happen in real life; but as you assure me Mr. What's-his-name has had the education of a gentleman, I must suppose Lady Page has made some mistake, and shall be glad to convince her of it. But pray who introduced this gentleman to your father?"

No question could possibly have been more *mal-apropos* to poor Julia. She was totally at loss for an answer, and looked to the servant, who most seasonably entered to announce her carriage, as to a deliverer from the worst of punishments. She instantly arose to take leave, and though Mrs. Villers now condescendingly entreated her to stay to tea; she resolutely refused

refused the invitation, and with a firm but modest dignity persisted in her immediate departure.

She found Mr. Vallaton, who had been informed by the servant of her intention, at the bottom of the stairs. He handed her into the carriage, placed himself beside her, and from the rate at which he drove, seemed no less eager than herself to lose sight of Castle-Villers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

" Assert it for a sacred truth—
 " That sorrows such pursuits attend,
 " Or such pursuits in sorrows end;
 " That all the wild advent'rer gains,
 " Are perils, penitence, and pains."

COTTON.

CAPT. Delmond had been, for some
 time watching the progress of the
 declining sun, whose setting ray he expected
 to light home his darling daughter. When
 the splendid orb had compleatly sunk be-
 neath the horizon, and the effulgent glories
 which its last beam had kindled in the wes-
 tern clouds, began gradually to lose their
 vivid hues, and at length to exchange the
 living purple and the burnished gold for
 the sober livery of night, uneasiness and
 anxiety crept upon his mind.

" Is

“Is it not strange that Julia does not return?” said he to his wife. “I wonder how Dr. Orwell can be so imprudent as to stay thus late.”

“Yes, it is very late, to be sure,” returned Mrs. Delmond; “I cannot even see to knit my stocking.”

“I hate these open carriages,” said the Captain, “and wonder how I consented to Julia’s going in one. I protest it is quite dark.”

“It is, indeed,” replied Mrs. Delmond; “but here is Nancy with the candles, I shall now see to take up my stitch.”

The apprehensions of Capt. Delmond were suddenly suspended by the entrance of Dr. Orwell.

“Dr. Orwell,” said he, “I am truly happy to see you. I was beginning to think that you were staying out rather later than was perfectly adviseable in an open carriage. But it is a sign that your time has passed agreeably. How did you find
the

the General and his Lady? I hope they are both well."

'It is a considerable time since I have been at Castle-Villers,' replied Dr. Orwell.

"Oh, I suppose you drove directly home, then?" said the Captain. "You were quite right; but where is Julia, did she not return with you?"

'I have not yet seen Miss Delmond,' replied the Doctor; 'but I can tell you she is safe.'

"Safe!" repeated the Captain, "did she not return with you from Castle-Villers?"

'I did not go to Castle-Villers,' said Dr. Orwell; 'I never thought of it.'

"Did not go!" repeated Capt. Delmond, in great surprise. "Who then went with my daughter? Did not you promise to escort her? Dr. Orwell, this is not what I should have expected from you."

'Indeed, my dear sir, you very much surprise me,' returned the Doctor. 'I had
yesterday

yesterday a note from you, requesting the use of my gig, in which, as Miss Delmond informed me in the evening, a friend of yours was to drive her. The gentleman called, as she said he would, about one o'clock, and had it accordingly.'

"Great God!" exclaimed the Captain, "how you astonish me! Julia, my Julia, go off with a gentleman of whom I know nothing! Who is he? How came he acquainted with my daughter?"

'I really know nothing further of the gentleman, than that I believe him to be a visitor of Mr. Glib's,' replied Dr. Orwell, 'and took it for granted that he was your acquaintance. I am sorry, heartily sorry to find it otherwise.'

"Where are they now? Where is my daughter? Why is she not returned? Oh! I read it in your face—I have lost my child, and am for ever miserable!"

Here the poor father sunk back in his chair in speechless agony.

'Dear

‘ Dear me!’ said Mrs. Delmond, laying down her knitting.

“ My dear friend,” said Dr. Orwell, taking the father’s hand, “ things are not so bad as you apprehend. Your daughter is within two miles of us, but must necessarily be detained there for some little time by an unlucky accident, from which she has, however, escaped better than could be expected.”

‘ What is it?’ said the Captain eagerly. ‘ Tell me all? Let me know the worst? I will bear it like a man, you shall see I will.’

“ Then you shall know the very worst,” said Dr. Orwell. “ In coming down the hill just above the turnpike, which you know to be very steep and stony, the gig was unfortunately overturned. Miss Delmond and the gentleman were both thrown out by the shock, and both considerably hurt; but neither of them, I hope, dangerously. They were carried to the farmhouse

house which is just by the turnpike, and there both Dr. Sydney and Mr. Gubbles are now attending them. Finding I could be of no service to them, I hastened here; as, however unwilling to be the messenger of bad news, I thought it better to obviate the possibility of your receiving it through the medium of sudden and exaggerated report. After going home to give some necessary directions, I shall return to the farm, and bring you back a full account how I find matters there."

'God bless you!' said Capt. Delmond, bursting into tears. 'Forgive this weakness; but, alas! I am now every way a child! I never felt the loss of my limbs till now. My poor Julia! my sweet, my darling child, I shall, perhaps, never see thee more!'

At sight of her husband's tears, Mrs. Delmond took out her pocket-hankerchief, "If you take on so, my dear," said she, "what is to become of me? Julia may
not

not be so bad as you think; but I wonder who she has got with her? I never heard of this man, no, not I; and I wonder how she could have a sweetheart, and I not know."

The idea was torture to the father's heart. Julia! whom he had ever treated as a friend, a companion. Julia! in whose soul he had so carefully implanted sentiments of the nicest honour; on whose integrity he had ever relied with the most implicit confidence; that she should be capable of a train of falsehood and deceit! It was a death-wound to a father's soul; and the soul of Capt. Delmond fully felt its force.

Dr. Orwell was too much affected by the scene, to be able for some time to speak; as soon as his feelings would permit, he said what he could to sooth and comfort the unhappy father, and with a promise of returning as speedily as possible, he took leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

WE cannot but suppose the lovely Julia to have created such an interest in the breast of the reader, as must excite some anxiety for her present situation, and some desire to be acquainted with the circumstances that led to it. Out of pure good-nature we shall therefore satisfy him in these particulars, before we return to Bridgetina, the true and proper heroine of this our history.

As she departed from Castle-Villers the breast of Julia swelled with the emotion of wounded pride, overwhelming shame, and cruel disappointment. Mortified as she was

at

at the total failure of her well-planned project, she was yet sufficiently sensible of the ridicule to which an acknowledgment of her romantic views must inevitably expose her, to dare to confess her mortification. Her confusion did not escape the penetrating eyes of Vallaton. He had been too sensible of the scrutinizing glances of Lady Page, to be at any loss to guess the cause; but trembled for the effect of an explanation, which not all his confidence in the philosophy of his pupil could assure him would be favourable to his wishes. After proceeding about half a mile in silence, "How rejoiced I am," said Vallaton, "that you contrived to make your escape so soon from these silly people; I was absolutely tired to death with their impertinence."

"Did you ever see any of the party before?" said Julia.

"Why do you ask?" returned Vallaton, alarmed at the question, "did any of them

them talk of knowing me?"—"Yes," replied Julia, "that Lady Page, it seems, does you the honour of claiming you for an acquaintance."

"Does she, indeed? I cannot say that I have any recollection of her: but in London one sees so many faces, and meets so many people of the same general description, that it is impossible to remember them all."

"But you do not know half the honour Lady Page did you," said Julia; "she was so kind—but I am absolutely ashamed to repeat it."

"Do not be afraid to tell me any thing she could say," returned Vallaton, firmly. "I am neither afraid nor ashamed to hear it."

"Well, then," replied Julia, (while her countenance flushed at the recollection of the indignity) "she told Mrs. Villers, that you were once a hair-dresser."

"Very likely," returned Vallaton, carelessly; "I may have amused myself in that way sometimes."

‘ You surely cannot be serious?’ said Julia, in a faltering accent.

“ Yes, indeed, but I am,” returned Vallaton. “ My dear adopted mother happening to read the *Emilias* of Rousseau, while I was in my fourteenth year, became so enamoured of his system, that she immediately determined to have me initiated into some handicraft employment, that in case of any revolution in fortune, I might be enabled to earn my bread. I dare say you will laugh at my choice, as she did very heartily, though she was at length kind enough to indulge me in the whim. As I grew up I used sometimes to bribe the person who instructed me, to permit me to go in his stead to some ladies of fashion; and in one of these frolics I may have dressed the head of this Lady Page, for aught I know, though I have no recollection of her face.”

‘ Well,’ cried Julia, ‘ I wonder how your dear adopted mother could permit
you

you to exercise so mean an employment.'

"I cannot say it was altogether with her inclination," replied Vallaton; "the good lady had not strength of mind to rise above the silly prejudices of society."

'Indeed,' replied Julia, 'her prejudices in this instance were very allowable; and I only wonder how she could ever indulge you in a fancy so strange and unaccountable.'

"A mere juvenile extravagance," said Vallaton, carelessly, "not worth a serious thought; though perhaps after all it may be found, that as an occasional relaxation from severe study, it answered the end every bit as well as the work of either a turner or joiner. As to real dignity all manual labour is upon a par."

'Well, I protest I cannot think so,' said Julia. 'You may call it prejudice, and perhaps it is so, but there are some employments one cannot help considering as

derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman.'

"If you said to the dignity of *man*," returned her companion, "I should willingly agree with you. In a society that has made any advances towards perfectibility, no man will do work for another of any kind, every man will then labour for himself; and when things are come to this desirable state, it will no doubt be disgraceful to employ the energies of one percipient being in adjusting the hair of another; but no more disgraceful than to join together pieces of wood to form his cabinet, or to turn buttons for his coat; all are in the eye of reason equally derogatory to the real dignity of *man*. As to the dignity of a *gentleman*, I thought my dear Miss Delmond had been more of a philosopher than to hint at such an absurd and unnatural distinction."

'You always get so much the better of me in argument,' replied Julia, 'that I
am

am forced to yield to your superior judgment. But still in this instance—'

"Ah! that my lovely, my sensible Julia would exert those superior powers of which she is possessed, to conquer those hateful prejudices, which may be excusable in a weak and uninformed mind, but which are disgraceful to a soul like hers. Would you but consider—" At this moment the horse, which was going full speed down the hill, stumbled over a loose stone; he made an effort to recover himself, but in vain; he only fell with greater violence, and in his fall overturned the carriage, from which both Julia and Vallaton were thrown out upon the road. The horse was the first to rise: the shafts of the chaise having been broken in the fall, he found means, by a few kicks, to extricate himself from the harness, and galloped off so quickly as to elude the vigilance of the keeper of the turnpike, who saw him out of reach before he got to the gate.

The

The frightened animal continued his career, till perceived by Dr. Orwell and Henry Sydney, who were returning from a charitable visit to a poor family in the neighbourhood, where the eldest son was ill of a fever, for which the good Dr. Orwell had prevailed upon his young friend to prescribe. Great was the consternation of the two gentlemen, when they perceived the horse; whose appearance left no room to doubt of the catastrophe by which it was occasioned.

While Dr. Orwell employed himself in catching the horse, lest his arrival in town should occasion a premature alarm to the friends of Miss Delmond, Henry ran swiftly forward to give assistance to the sufferers; and arrived at the scene of their misfortune before Julia could be removed from the spot. Vallaton, notwithstanding his bruises, had been raised by the assistance of the people who kept the gate, and was standing lamenting over Julia, whose situation

ation appeared far more deplorable. From the excessive pain of which she complained on every attempt to move, Henry judged the assistance of a surgeon must be necessary, and instantly dispatched a messenger for Mr. Gubbles; while he, having with equal presence of mind and dexterity, formed a litter of an old door which he forced from its hinges, contrived to have her conveyed as easily as possible to the farm-house, where the people, by his directions, prepared a bed for her reception.

On the arrival of Mr. Gubbles, Henry's apprehensions were found to be but too well verified. The knee-pan was discovered to be broken. The pain of setting it was excessive, but not so dreadful to Julia as the idea, conveyed by the hints and shrugs of Mr. Gubbles, that she would probably be lame for life. Henry did all in his power to quiet her apprehensions, and to re-animate her sinking spirits. He supported her by the assurance, that if she
had

had resolution patiently to endure the torture of the tight bandage for four-and-twenty hours, she had nothing to fear; and at length, by the confidence he expressed, and by the numerous instances he adduced of compleat recovery from the consequences of a similar misfortune, he effectually succeeded in tranquillizing her dejected mind.

So entirely did the situation of Julia engross the attention of the spectators, that till she was composed to rest, no one so much as thought of Vallaton. He was at length observed by the farmer's wife, where he had sunk down upon a low chair in the kitchen, and was apparently very near fainting. The good-natured woman instantly ran into the room where Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles were still with Julia.

“La me!” cried she as she entered, “if here ben’t more broken bones yet! I lay my life the gentleman be worser than
Miss,

Miss, thof we none of us never thought o'n."

‘ Good God!’ exclaimed Julia, ‘ Mr. Vallaton is then hurt, though he denied to me that he was. What misery has my folly occasioned!’ She now burft into a flood of tears, which in all the pain ſhe had ſuffered, her reſolution had hitherto reſtrained.

While Henry uſed his endeavours to compoſe her, Mr. Gubbles proceeded to examine into the condition of Vallaton. In answer to his interrogatories, Vallaton replied, “ that he was indeed very much hurt, that the pain of his arm and ſhoulder was intolerable.”

‘ From the manner in which the arm hangs,’ replied Mr. Gubbles, ‘ I ſhould indeed apprehend a complicated fracture; but perhaps it may not be quite ſo bad.’

The ſleeve of the coat being ripped of, the man of ſcience congratulated his patient on his very extraordinary good fortune.

tune. ‘It is a mere trifle, my dear sir, nothing but a dislocation of the humero, and a simple fracture of the lower extremity of the ulna.’

While he dexterously replaced the arm in its socket, poor Vallaton could not suppress a groan. ‘It is impossible I can hurt you,’ said the learned operator; ‘nothing was ever done with greater ease; and as for this other little business, it is a mere nothing. I never met with a more elegant fracture in my life—sure I don’t hurt you?’

“Indeed but you do,” cried Vallaton, “you put me to very exquisite pain.”

‘It is impossible, my dear sir, quite impossible; the swelling of the adjacent muscles may indeed create some trifling uneasiness; but it is nothing to what I have met with in the course of practice.’

“La me!” exclaimed the landlady, who attended to supply the necessary bandages, “if you Doctors have more heart than a stone!

stone! I am sure the poor gentleman had need o' patience to hear you."

The good woman having offered her son's bed for the accommodation of Vallaton, he was immediately conveyed to it, and there we shall leave him to his meditations, while we return to the afflicted Julia.

Henry Sydney beheld with anxiety the agitated state of his fair patient's mind, and sensible how necessary repose was to her recovery, he prevailed upon her to swallow some quantity of an opiate which Mr. Gubbles had the precaution to bring.

Julia felt with gratitude the humane attention of her young physician, but was still deploring the want of a friend of her own sex, whose presence would, she thought, afford a support still more grateful, when a soft step approached her bed, and the figure of Harriet Orwell glided before her eyes.

"Is it possible!" said Julia, in a faint voice. "Is Miss Orwell indeed so good as

to

to come to see me here, at this time of night?"

"Hush! hush!" said Harriet, putting her finger to her lips, "we shall talk of every thing to-morrow; I only beg you would give me leave to do things in my own way to-night, without taking any notice of me, except merely to ask for what you want."

"But you do not intend to stay with me all night?" said Julia; "that would be too much."

"Indeed I shall not leave you while you remain in this house," replied Harriet; "and as to sitting up all night, it is what I like of all things: but no more speaking; and I suppose we may now dismiss this gentleman here, who will attend my father home."

Julia could only express her thanks by tears. Nor did Henry behold unmoved this fresh proof of Harriet's goodness. While she lightly glided round the bed of her

her friend, procuring for her a thousand little comforts which her active mind suggested, and her gentle hand supplied, he thought he beheld a guardian-angel on its work of mercy. When he was about to leave the room, she softly opened the door for his departure: he did not speak, but seizing the hand which hung down, he pressed it to his lips with an emphatic expression of admiration and respect.

On walking into the farmer's apartment, Henry there found Dr. Orwell, who was receiving from Mr. Gubbles a scientific description of the fractures, of which indeed the good Doctor did not comprehend one syllable. The explanation of Henry, however, soon made the matter perfectly intelligible, to the no small indignation of Mr. Gubbles; who, from the plain and simple language made use of by the young physician, conceived a sovereign contempt for his knowledge and capacity.

Henry

Henry persisted in his resolution of taking up his abode by the farmer's fire-side all night, which after a little opposition was agreed to by Dr. Orwell, who proceeded to acquaint the parents of Julia with the particulars of her misfortune.

CHAP. XXI.

"No argument like matter of fact is.

"And we are best of all led to

"Men's principles, by what they do."

BUTLER.

THE day which proved so unfortunate to poor Julia, was by Bridgetina considered as one of the most auspicious æras that marked the period of her existence. It was indeed a day of much importance; a day which opened upon her mind the grandest view, the most extatic prospect, that was ever presented to an enlightened imagination.

It happened, that among several sets of new books which Mr. Glib about this time received from his correspondent in London,

London, was a copy of the translation of Mons. Vaillant's Travels into the interior parts of Africa. The first volume of this book Mr. Glib ran hastily over, without experiencing any degree of pleasure from the perusal. Neither the sprightliness of the author's manner, his zeal in the pursuit of natural history, his unbounded philanthropy, nor the novelty of his animated descriptions, had the power of captivating the fancy of Mr. Glib; but the second volume made very ample amends for the time thrown away upon the first. When he came to the account of the Gonoquais Hottentots, his delight and admiration increased at every line, till at length, no longer able to contain his rapture, he ran hastily with the book in his hand to the back parlour, where Bridgetina, who had just then happened to call, was sitting with Mr. Myope and the Goddess of Reason. "See here!" said he, "See here, Citizen Myope, all our wishes fulfilled!

fulfilled! All our theory realized! Here is a whole nation of philosophers, all as wise as ourselves! All on the high road to perfectibility! All enjoying the proper dignity of man! Things just as they ought! No man working for another! All alike! All equal! No laws! No government! No coercion! Every one exerting his energies as he pleases! Take a wife to-day: leave her again to-morrow! It is the very essence of virtue, and the quintessence of enjoyment!"

'Alas!' replied Mr. Myope, 'I fear this desirable state of things is reserved for futurity. Ages must elapse before mankind will be sufficiently enlightened to be sensible of the great advantage of living as you describe.'

"No, no," cried Glib, "ages need not elapse. It is all known to the Hot-tentots. All practised by the Gonaquais hoard. Only just listen."

"In a country where there is no difference in birth or rank, (as is the case in

Gonoquais) every inhabitant is necessarily on an equality."

'The very ground-work of perfectibility!' cried Bridgetina, 'that is certain; but go on.'

"Luxury* and vanity, which in more polished countries consume the largest fortunes, create a thousand unhappy distinctions entirely unknown to these savages; their desires are bounded by real wants, nor are they excluded from the means of gratifying them; and these means may be, and are effectually pursued by all: thus the various combinations of pride for the aggrandizement of families, all the schemes of heaping fortune on fortune in the same coffer, being utterly unknown; no intrigues are created, no oppressions practised, in fine no crimes instigated."

'O learned and amiable Hottentots!' exclaimed Bridgetina, 'by what means—'

* See Vaillant's Travels, vol. ii.

"Stay

“Stay a little, Miss, and only listen to this passage about their marriages,” said Glib, resuming his book.

“*The formalities of these marriages consist in the promises made by each party to live together as long as they find it convenient; the engagement made, the young couple from that moment become man and wife.—*”

“O enviable state of society!” exclaimed Bridgetina, “O—”

“Do not interrupt me, Miss, till I have finished the passage.—*As I have hinted before, they live together as long as harmony subsists between them; for should any difference arise, they make no scruple of separation, but part with as little ceremony as they meet; and each one, free to form other connections, seeks elsewhere a more agreeable partner. These marriages, founded on reciprocal inclinations, have ever a happy issue; and as love is their only cement, they require no other motive for parting than indifference.*”

“Mark that, citizens! No other motive for parting than indifference. Who would not wish to live in that blessed country? But here is a still further proof of their progress in philosophy. You never meet among the Gonoquais with men who apply themselves to any particular kind of work, in order to satisfy the caprice of others. The woman who desires to lie soft, will fabricate her own mat. She who has a wish to be clothed, will instruct a man to make a habit. The huntsman who would have good weapons, can depend on those of his own making; and the lover is the only architect of the cabin that is to contain his future mistress.”*

“Why this is the very state of perfection to which we all aspire!” cried Mr.

* The curious reader may, if he please, compare the passage quoted from Vaillant with the eighth chapter of the eighth book of Political Justice, vol. ii. octavo edition; and he will not be surprised that Citizen Glib should be struck with the coincidence.

Myope,

Myope, in extacy. 'It is the sum and substance of our philosophy. What illustrious proofs of human genius may we expect to find in a society thus wisely constituted, a society in which leisure is the inheritance of every one of its members?'

"It is evident," cried Bridgetina, "that the author of our illustrious system is entirely indebted to the Hottentots for his sublime idea of the Age of Reason. Here is the Age of Reason exemplified; here is proof sufficient of the perfectibility of man!"

'Yes,' said Mr. Myope, 'and as we well know mechanical and daily labour to be the deadliest foe to all that is great and admirable in the human mind, to what a glorious height of metaphysical knowledge may we expect a people to soar, where all are equally poor and equally idle! What attainments must they have doubtless made in science? What discoveries in philosophy?'

"As

“As to science,” said Glib, “it does not at least appear that they know much of arithmetic, for Mr. Vaillant here tells us, that *they cannot reckon above the number of their fingers. They count the time of the day by the course of the sun, saying, it was there when I departed, yonder when I returned.*”

‘Astonishing proof of the progress of mind!’ cried Bridgetina.

“Yes,” said Glib, “and see further: *With calm tranquillity they behold the rising and the setting sun, unknowing and regardless of the pointed hour upon the time-piece. Do you mark that, citizens? No getting up at seven in the morning to open shop; no making up accounts; no care about business. Well, if before another year goes round I do not become a Hottentot, may I never more behold the face of a philosopher!*”

‘And if,’ said Myope, ‘every other particular in the character of this illustrious

ous people, be found to correspond with what we have already learned, every philosopher must, like you, long to be received into the bosom of a society arrived at a state of civilization, which but to imagine has been justly considered as the most glorious effort of the sublimest genius!"

"You do not yet know the half of their perfections," returned Glib; "but here is the key-stone of the grand arch of perfectibility: only listen to this, and confess whether you ever heard of so wise a people. *Modes of divination are the usual appendages of superstitious worship, but how can this exist where they have no religion, no idea of a superior Being? In these hordes, (do you take notice) in these hordes they have neither physician, nor priest, nor superiority of degree, nor any word in the Hottentot language that signifies in any manner these distinctions.*"

"Admirable!" exclaimed Myope.

"The very perfection of modern philosophy!" cried Bridgetina.

"Vere

“Vere do dese wise people live?” enquired the Goddess of Reason. “Have dey no fete, no grand spectacle, no ball, no concerta?”

“Yes, yes, they have balls, Madam,” returned Glib, “and concerts too. But you are not to imagine, that in the reasonable state of society to which they are advanced, that any man will condescend to perform the compositions of another. All compose for themselves; all play their own tune; no two in the same key!”

“Vat be dere ball drefs?” said the Goddess. “De fashions of so enlightened a people be ver elegant, to be sure. Do dey rouge, like de French lady; or be dey pale-faced, like de lady of England?”

“Their taste in drefs is equal to their other refinements,” replied Glib. “Every one painted; not a pale face to be seen. All covered with grease, and soot, and ochre, from head to heel; bears’ guts for bracelets, and cloaks of asses’ skins. Their heads

heads are ornamented with blown bladders, and a sheep's bone hangs about their necks instead of a locket."

'What strange fashions this foreign nation of philosophers do follow!' said the Goddess.

"What elegant simplicity of taste!" cried Myope. "But I must beg leave to peruse the whole of this extraordinary account. It has already generated an idea in my mind, which may be productive of the most extraordinary consequences to the interests of society."

Mr. Myope then took the book, and proceeded to read the whole account of the Gonoquais in an audible voice, though not without receiving many interruptions from the exclamations of delight that frequently burst from his admiring audience. When he had finished, "Here," said he, "here, my friends, is the place—the only place to which, in this distempered state of civilization, a philosopher can resort with
any

any hopes of comfort. Let us seek an asylum among these kindred souls. Let us form a horde in the neighbourhood of Haabas, and from the deserts of Africa send forth those rays of philosophy which shall enlighten all the habitable globe."

'Go with all my heart,' cried Glib; 'leave shop, and wife, and children, and all. Get a wife among the Gonoquais; meet when we please, separate when we have a mind. That's it! that's the way to have energies!'

The proposal of Mr. Myope appeared equally charming to Bridgetina, who had no doubt, that among the numerous philosophers of England a party would be formed every way agreeable to her wishes. Mr. Myope assured her, that the idea of emigration had for a considerable time prevailed; and that the difficulty of finding a place agreeable to their views presented the only obstacle to its execution. That obstacle was now happily removed; as no
one

one could read the account of the Gono-
quais Hottentots, and not be sensible that
in the bosom of a people who had so fully
adopted all their plans for the improve-
ment of society; who had no trade, no
commerce, no distinctions of rank, no laws,
no coercion, no government; who had
among them no physicians, no lawyers, no
priests, and who, to crown all, *believed*
in no God! they must find that congeni-
ality of sentiments and dispositions which
they would in vain expect among the cor-
rupt societies of Europe.

The more Mr. Myope considered the
subject, the more was he impressed with
an idea of its importance. His mind, ever
under the influence of some one darling
idea, which, during the period of its reign,
excluded every other thought, was soon
kindled into enthusiasm. It must be con-
fessed, however, that the enthusiasm of Mr.
Myope differed very materially from that
which distinguishes certain great minds in
the

the pursuit of some favourite object; it was of a nature very distinct from that sublime energy of the soul which, on the most extensive and comprehensive views, concentrates all its powers towards the accomplishment of some grand design. Indeed, no two principles of action are more opposite to each other in their nature, origin, progress, and consequences, than the two different species of enthusiasm here described. The first, born of reason and directed by judgment, is noble, discriminating, and effective. The other, the produce of an inflammable imagination, is blinded by the glare of its own bewildering light, expends itself upon any object that chance puts in its reach, and is usually unsteady as it is abortive.

Such was the enthusiasm of Mr. Myope.

While he was a religionist, it inflamed his zeal for the minutiae of every dogma of the sect to which he then happened to belong. As a Quaker, it made him tenacious

cious of the broad-brimmed hat, and all the peculiarities of dress and manner which distinguish that *apparently* plain and simple people. He then groaned at the sight of a coloured ribbon, and was moved by the spirit to denounce the most dreadful judgments against the crying sin of long trains and hair-powder.

As an Anabaptist, in his eagerness for dipping all that came in his way, he very narrowly escaped being drowned along with a poor woman, of whom he had unfortunately made a convert in the time of a great flood. And when his energies were directed to Calvinism, the state of the reprobate engrossed every faculty of his mind, and his whole soul was poured out in describing the nature of the dreadful tortures, which assuredly awaited all who did not embrace every article of his then faith, all whose intellectual optics happened to view things in a different light.

Nor

Nor when Mr. Myope changed his opinions, did his mind become more enlarged by the change. He wandered from maze to maze, in the intricate labyrinth of polemical divinity, without having once caught a glance of the sublime views, the simple but elevating principles of that religion, from which each of the different sectaries he embraced professed to be derived.

As a convert to the new philosophy, his zeal was no less conspicuous. We have already given some striking proofs of its effects; and perhaps may yet have occasion to relate some farther instances of it, no less memorable and extraordinary.

The account of the Gonoquais Hottentots had now inspired this philosopher with a flow of eloquence which produced the greatest effects upon his audience. Both Bridgetina and Mr. Glib, struck with the force of his irresistible arguments, promised to turn their serious thoughts to his proposal. They agreed to renew their consultations

consultations upon the subject as frequently as possible; but till their plan was more fully digested, thought it best not to drop a hint of it to the unenlightened; as such persons, being totally incapable of estimating its advantages, might maliciously endeavour to obstruct its success.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.